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BY

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PRIVATELY PRINTED
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1898.

TO MY WIFE,
AT WHOSE SUGGESTION
AND FOR WHOSE ENTERTAINMENT
THESE PAGES WERE GATHERED.

CONTENTS.

IN THE SADDLE	9
DRIVING	59
THE HORSE'S MOTIONS AS REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY	93
THE RIDING CLUB	103
THE HIMALAYA PONY AND HAWAIIAN RIDERS	113
LONG-DISTANCE RIDING	123
FENCING	141

IN THE SADDLE.

IN THE SADDLE.*

I.

I CANNOT remember the time when I was first put upon a horse. At six or seven years old, when riding became an every-day duty, I was already familiar with what a big horse felt like between my tiny legs. I lived with my grandfather, a clergyman, near Lake Winnipiseogee. Twice a day the mail had to be fetched from the post-office, a mile and a half from the parsonage. Old Prudence was a Morgan mare, worthy her name when between the thills of the old-fashioned shay, but keenly conscious of her pedigree if you but showed her the veriest tip of a birch twig. She knew her duty well when the venerable pastor gathered up the reins and spoke to her in his

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gentle voice. But I fancy she relished not less the companionship of his livelier grandson. I used to climb into the manger and sit and fondle her, and tell her my dearest secrets by the hour together; and many's the apple Prue and I went halves in. I quite believed that she could climb the apple-tree I often reached by standing on her back, if she but tried; it is certain that she would rear up to reach the coveted fruit I held down from above, sometimes till she stood all but perpendicular. She would follow me anywhere, and I used to wake up in the night and wish I could cuddle up to Prue. For the dear old mare had comforted me many a time and oft, and floods of my salt tears have trickled down her nose when I sought relief from boyish tribulations by laying my cheek against her broad and kindly face.

From the manger it was, too, that I always took off her halter and bridled her; then she would follow me out to the wood-shed, where a convenient girder enabled me to mount. Upward from the parsonage ran the pretty road a little stretch; then the brow of the hill concealed us. Prue knew that till then she must be sedate, lest the master's eye should see her unclerical pranks. But no sooner there than she forgot her

years, if she was really old—as I doubt—and a lively enough scamper we had of it till within sight of the rambling village store, whose owner was everything from postmaster to justice of the peace. I have always believed that my secure seat is traceable to old Prudence's bareback lessons. Other instructors than horses—and horse books—I have never had.

In the South boys learn to ride, and girls too, bareback and without even a bridle. A mere stick to guide the horse with, and equilibrium often as clever as a rope-dancer's, suffice. Most Southern boys and girls would laugh at the idea of *learning* how to ride. They never know how or when they learn. It is part of their lives.

The first advice an old horseman can give you boys is to learn bareback. The best as well as the most artistic seat on a horse in the world is shown in the procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, sculptured more than two thousand years ago, when every man rode bareback.

An old English huntsman's advice to his young master, just taking his first lesson in fox-hunting, condenses into its blunt phrases all the science of riding. "'Ands and 'eels low, 'ead and 'eart 'igh, Master Fred,

and you'll soon ride like t' old squire, rest his soul!" Now if you have ever ridden bareback, you will remember that though at first you may want to clasp your horse with your heels, you soon find out that comfort and safety make you settle down in a sort of loose way, and let the leg below the knee hang naturally, and that if your horse shies or jumps, you grip him, not with the heels, but with the knee and the upper part of the calf; to do which best you have to get your heels well down. And this is not because you have stirrups to keep your feet in place, but because it is the natural way to get a stout hold. This bareback seat is the one for you to learn and stick to. The less you forget of it when you get into the saddle, the better rider you will be. This is the old huntsman's "heels low."

When you feel entirely at home on your bareback mount, you should use a doubled up blanket and surcingle for a few weeks, and later on a saddle *with the stirrups taken out*. You will think that it is a mighty slippery business at first, this sitting on a pig-skin saddle, but after a day or two it will grow to be natural enough. Don't put in your stirrups too soon—not until you can ride at every gait, and rise to a trot with

perfect comfort, without them. It is better to sit down to your trot for many weeks before you begin to rise to it. It settles you into your seat, *i. e.*, gets you close to the horse. When you put your stirrups in, let them be long enough not to alter this seat, with heels well down and the ball of the foot in the iron. Sit in the middle of your saddle. Only a steeple-chaser needs a very long seat.

I always like to see a boy in the saddle without leathers. I can see a capital horseman growing. For his position is natural and unconstrained, and not stiff, like the young swell who thinks he needs no such teaching. A boy may learn to ride by beginning with a full rig, and he may not. But I never knew a brave boy who did not make a good horseman if he learned my way. Besides, this is the one way to learn to hold on only by the thighs and knees. There is nothing so unhorsemanlike as to hold on by the lower part of the leg, and show daylight under the knees. Remember this. "'Eels low," then, means an easy, secure seat close to the horse. This should never be altered, except in rising to a trot.

Now as to the "'ands low." To stick to a horse is only half the battle. You must make the horse sub-

ject to your will. The first rule in doing this is patience. Never lose your temper with a horse; or if you lose it, never let him know it. The next rule is patience. Be sure your horse understands what you want before you expect him to do it. The third rule is patience. If your horse is awkward or blunders, don't scold; try again. Strong and nervous as a horse is, he is one of the most affectionate of animals. Gain his affection, and he will do anything and everything you want him to do. He must get a clear idea of what you want, but when he does get it, he will do it always and at once, and will take pleasure and pride in doing it. But you might as well try to mop back the Atlantic as to force him. The tricks many horses have almost always come from loss of patience and attempts at force.

Of course I cannot tell you much of how to train a horse. You will learn that when you are older. You have probably been given a well-broken pony or small horse to ride. Suppose we call him Don. If you cannot have a pony, you can learn on any horse. And a big one has some decided advantages over a little one. Don, I have no doubt, knows how to walk, trot, and canter at will.

When you feel perfectly at home on Don's back, *so that you do not hold on by the reins in the least degree*, you have learned the first lesson, and can come to the next one—how to manage him. But you must bear in mind that you will never be a horseman if your seat is not strong and secure at any gait with the reins lying on his neck. You ought to ride at first with a snaffle-bit and single rein. Perhaps Don pulls on your hands. This is unfortunate, because it is apt to get you in the habit of pulling on his mouth, and you may grow to be a "three-legged rider." A soft-mouthed pony is much better for you to learn on.

There are two ways for you to guide Don. One is to hold a rein in each hand, using them just as you do in driving. This is very simple. You can also learn to do this with the reins in one hand, turning the wrist to draw either rein. The other way is to teach Don to guide by the neck. This is what the cavalryman does, because he must keep his right arm for his sword. If Don knows both ways, you can ride with one or both hands, as you like. Still it is well to use both hands a good deal, because this keeps your shoulders square. But don't pull Don's head too far round to turn him. Teach him to mind a slight pull, and keep your hands close enough together to shorten rein readily.

The place for your hands is just above the pommel of the saddle. Only by keeping your hands low can you possibly control Don to advantage. If you throw up your hands when he starts or plays, you will lose control of him. Always remember this—your hands must be light and low.

There are two other means of guiding Don—the voice and the legs. If you accustom Don to listen to your voice, he will get very fond of it, and pay a great deal of heed to you. I discuss all manner of knotty points with my Patroclus and Diomed and Penelope. They are capital listeners, and very helpful. You have no idea how much Don will understand. If he shies or is playful, talk to and laugh at him. Never strike him in anger. He will learn to be much more safe and companionable by kindness. I assume, of course, that Don is a lively little fellow. There are some ponies who have no more life than pigs. But you might as well expect to become a bold rider astride the saw-horse.

Your legs can be made of more use than your hands in guiding your pony. Your seat only requires your leg down to the knee; and if your legs hang easily below the knee, you can use that part of it to guide and control Don. I will tell you how by-and-by.

“’Ands low,” then, means not only that you must keep your hands well down, and not pull on Don’s mouth for your support, but that you must try to keep control of him without allowing him to pull on you ; and use your voice and legs besides.

“’Ead ’igh” means that you must neither lean forward, nor back, nor one-sided, but sit straight in your saddle, without being stiff. A man who is stiff can never ride. You must sit as easily as if in a chair, and not let your grip disturb the close seat you learned bareback. Your backbone must be erect, but not rigid. Your arms must hang quite naturally, and your whole position must be so easy that you can lean back far enough almost to lie upon the horse, or can move side-wise or forward on the waist, with perfect ease. You should be able to put either leg up in front of you on the pommel, and, in fact, do anything you could do in a chair. “’Ead ’igh” means perfect ease, security, and confidence in the saddle.

Last, but all-important, is the “’eart ’igh.” No coward ever rode well. You may be timid for a day or two if you have never been on a horse. But you will soon find that riding is easy and natural. And unless you are quite fearless, you may be sure that

Don will know it and never obey you. Of course any boy can mount a pony who is perfectly quiet, and ride a few miles without falling off. But to become a horseman a boy must be sure that he is stronger and more able than his pony, and can manage him and make him do anything within reason. Then he will learn fast. If he is timid he will never learn. And remember that it is not the bragging, bullying, fighting boy who is always brave. I have been where true courage came to the fore, and have more often found it in the quiet, steady, and often small and pale-faced boy than in the swashbuckler. Such a lad was Ulysses S. Grant, and he was a famous horseman from his youth up, as well as one of the most truly brave of men.

II.

AND now let us suppose that you have got a good firm seat and light hands, and that you can ride along the road at a walk, trot, and canter, and feel as much at home as if you were on foot. The next thing Don

and you may learn is to jump a fence cleverly. Have you never felt a desire to leap over into a field, and gallop along the soft turf? I've no doubt you have been sorry that you could not do so, and have thought it a very great feat. But it is not hard at all. Any one can easily learn to sit a clever jumper over a fence or brook. The difficulty lies in teaching the horse to jump willingly and handily. Would you like to teach Don? In the country this is simple enough. In the city it may not be easy to get a good place to practise in. The way to begin is to find a fallen log, or a gate of which you can let down the bars until it is only eighteen or twenty inches high. Then walk Don up to it, and encourage him to step over it often and quietly, until he gets in the habit of lifting up his feet quickly and promptly when he reaches it. Always coax him; never strike him. Keep a little sugar or salt or a bit of apple in your pocket for him, and give him a taste after he goes over. This will make him like to do it. By-and-by Don will find when he walks briskly up to the obstacle that it is easier to rise with both his forefeet and hop over it than to lift up each so high. As soon as he does this, be sure to pat and reward him, for this is the great step gained, after

which it is only a matter of practise and patience, raising the height by slow degrees, to make him jump two feet and a half or three feet. When he can do this, he does as well as any pony need. At the instant of jumping give him his head; don't pull on him. But when he lands, take hold of his mouth a trifle, so that he shall not stumble.

Now about yourself. You will be learning at the same time. When Don begins to rise at his leap, do you lean back, settle down in your seat, and hold on with all the legs you have, *except your heels*. As you hold on remember your bareback seat, but throw your feet to the rear a bit, so as not to lose your stirrups, which should be "home," *i. e.*, under the small of the foot. If you are going to leap much, you may shorten your leathers a hole or two. Some people may tell you to lean forward as Don rises, and then back when he leaps. But don't you try it. Lean back. You may save yourself a "cropper."

When Don walks up to the bar and takes it cleverly, and you sit it without going out of the saddle, trot him up to it. Many horses jump best from a trot, and many bold riders always trot up to timber, while they gallop up to a hedge or a ditch. Later you may canter

Don up to the bar, to make him familiar with his work at all gaits. By these means, and by rewarding him whenever he has jumped nicely, he and you will both grow to be fond of it. But do you never strike him at a jump. Many of the best horses have been so discouraged by a cut with the whip when they were trying to do their best that they have lost all courage, and refuse to leap even small obstacles. Don will get to love praise very much. Blows will accomplish nothing. Don't keep on making Don leap till he is tired. You want him to like it, not to weary him with it. You can by these means both learn to leap well.

I told you before that you could use your legs to guide Don. Many hundred books have been written on this subject, from Xenophon down, but I must tell you in so few words that you will get only a very slight idea of it. Suppose you had spurs on your heels, and should gently and quietly touch Don with one of them while holding the reins so that he will not move forward. What will he do? Why, move away from the spur by stepping sidewise with his hind-feet. Now if you did it with the other heel, he would step away from that one. All well-trained horses are thus taught to move their croup, or hind-quarters, away from the

spur or heel, and after a while a horse will get so sensitive that the least movement of the heel toward his side suffices to make him do this. It is just as important to make a horse shift his croup to either side as to make him shift his forehand. And it is the horse who does this well that is most easily guided. You can see that if you want to turn a corner to the left, you can do it by moving Don's head to the left, or by swinging his croup round to the right, for either will give him the new direction. And it looks very stupid to have to pull a horse's head 'way round to one side to make him turn a corner.

This use of the croup helps in many other ways besides, which I cannot now explain to you. But you will wonder when I tell you that horses may be trained even to do such extraordinary things as to trot and gallop and jump fences backward. Not that there is any great use in doing these feats, but teaching them makes a horse and rider obedient and skilful.

Now there is another use of the legs. If you quietly bring both your heels near Don's sides, he will be apt to move his hind-legs a little more under him than usual, so as to start forward; and if the bit restrains him, and his mouth is soft, so that he arches his neck

and champs his bit, he will be what horsemen call "collected," or, as it were, balanced. In this position he will be much more ready to perform what you desire than if he is in a sprawling one, which is always stiff.

From this you can see that the best use of spurs is not to make a horse go or to punish him, but to guide and control him. A well-trained horse almost never needs punishment. Only in a race are whips and spurs needed to push a horse. And a celebrated jockey once advised another to throw his whip over the fence if he wanted to win a race. A generous horse who understands his rider needs no whip.

You may wonder why a horse should be taught all these things. Why not let him move as nature prompts him? you ask. Well, a horse that is free can manage his own weight very handily himself. But put a man on his back, and he requires instruction how to manage himself and his burden, under the control of the rider, to the best advantage. Suppose you yourself should try to run and jump with fifteen or twenty pounds on your back; you would quickly understand what a man's weight adds to a horse's duty.

Now in order to teach Don to move his croup, you

will have to be very patient, and teach him only one side step at a time, caressing him every time he has responded to your spur, and making him enjoy the learning as much as you do the teaching. When he has been well taught he will be able to move his hind-quarters in a complete circle about his forefeet, which should remain a fixed pivot, and his fore-quarters around, with his hind-feet as pivot. But he knows enough for your purpose if he will thus shift two or three steps quickly. And by using your heel and bit both, you see that you can teach him to walk sidewise, or what riders call traverse.

When you have mastered all I have told you, Don will not only be a much better pony, but you will be quite a promising young horseman, anxious to learn more about equestrianism as an art. I have scarcely told you its A B C. The rest you can learn when you are older. There is just as much to learn in equitation as there is in music or painting, and no art is more pleasant to study. There is as much difference between a fine rider and a man who only sticks to a horse and makes him turn to right or left or jump fences, as there is between Mother Goose and Milton.

And now a word to the girls. You may think that

a girl cannot do as much as a boy, but she can. In the South girls often ride bareback, sitting somewhat as they would in a side-saddle, and using a stick to guide the horse. But I presume that a girl here must begin on a saddle. It will be well for you to remember that a girl's seat on a properly fitting saddle is just as firm and secure as a boy's. Some of the boldest leapers in England are women. And while leaping is not necessarily evidence of fine horsemanship, it requires a strong seat, courage, and discretion. Your saddle ought to have the leaping horn, which curves over the left knee. Without it you have to depend too much on balancing. Your left foot wants to be in the stirrup at such a length as that you can, by slightly raising the heel, hold it hard against this horn, while the right leg presses on the other. You ought to hold the left knee well against the saddle, and be able, like a boy, to swing the leg, from the knee down, easily to and fro, though it should generally hang straight. The right leg should hang equally straight and close to the saddle over its horn; and if you lower the heel of this foot, you get a better grip. The saddle may be too big, but must not be too small. You must feel free to move your body in all directions, and sit just as

easily and comfortably as a boy. If your saddle is girthed on firm, you are as safe as possible.

Everything I have said to the boys applies to you. Be particular to sit square. This is all-important. You need to have some one occasionally watch you from behind to tell you whether you sit upright and in the middle of your saddle, particularly when rising to a trot. A girl who leans over to the left or sits too much to the right runs the risk of her saddle turning and of getting her pony's back sore. Keep your shoulders square, and let your arms hang naturally. Rise to a trot squarely; don't wriggle. It is more important for you to ride with two hands than for a boy, so as to keep your hands low, but it is also well to learn to use one hand only. You can use your whip in place of a boy's right leg, and if your seat is good and your skirts not too long, you can use your left leg as well as he.

A boy's seat is nearer the horse than a girl's, but it is no stronger. A girl can leap as well as any boy, but she wants to be more careful, because if she falls her skirts may catch and embarrass her. For this reason a girl had better not try to leap more than two-feet-and-a-half obstacles, and her pony should be trained

not to rush after he has cleared the obstacle. The best way to do this is to pull up your pony, and give him a bit of sugar now and then after he has jumped well. This will lead him to expect it, and make him apt to stop if anything happens.

Learn how your saddle should be put on, and see yourself that it is firm, before you mount, and more than once during every ride. Feel now and then that your girths are tight.

Boys can dress any way. A girl will be most comfortable if she will wear a boy's under-clothes and socks and trousers under her riding dress. Long stockings are apt to make folds under the right knee. My own little girls of twelve and fourteen have such summer and winter suits for riding, and find them altogether the best. They have been brought up to ride by just the rules I have given you, and either can ride Penelope, who is a high-strung sixteen-hand thoroughbred, over a full-size hurdle or wide ditch as bravely as their brother. The old huntsman's "*'Ands and 'eels low, 'ead and 'eart 'igh,*" covers the ground for girls as well as boys.

All the gaits, walk, trot, canter and gallop, will be easy to you long before you are perfect in what I have

told you. Remember your seat, always close unless rising to a trot, and then close as may be; your hands, always light and low; your head keeping your body erect and lithe, and your heart in the right spot. And I have found that girls, though they have not generally the kind of bravery that a boy has, as a rule possess that which will make them confident and skilful in the saddle.

III.

AND now, before we say good-by, we will take a ride, together. You, Dick, must let Polly ride Don. The lady should always have the best and safest mount. I will lend you my new cob Punchinello, who is head-strong enough to suit the most ambitious boy, and will be as much of a handful as you want. I will ride Patroclus, the perfect, my daily companion for seven years, who knows all that a horse should know, never has done a wrong thing, seen a sick day, or taken a lame step. Few horses have so good a record.

Of course, Dick, you know how to mount a lady. I

will stand at Don's head, though indeed he does not need watching. He is fond of a girl rider, for he is sure of gentle treatment, which all boys do not give him, and perhaps a lump of sugar. Come, Polly, stand here, close by your saddle, and facing Don's head. Put your right hand on the upper horn and your left on Dick's shoulder, who will stand facing you; place your left foot in Dick's hand, and when he counts one, two, *three*, spring upward; he will help lift you, and—there you are safely in your seat. Now put your right leg over the upper and your left knee under the leaping horn, and Dick will adjust your foot in the stirrup; pull the folds of your skirt straight, so as to be comfortable, take your reins and whip, and you are your own mistress, and Don's too. Dick and I soon mount, and we are at your service.

In the South they have mounting blocks, for ladies ride alone a great deal, and a clever girl can mount from a fence or stump if her pony is quiet. But ladies are not as independent now as years ago, when they rode astride like men. I used to know an old lady, Gräfin zu Dohna, in Silesia, who in her youth always rode thus. Their costumes—wide Turkish trousers, with a long skirt on both sides—were quite

picturesque. One can still find pictures of them in old books, prancing along very gayly. I think it is a good plan for little girls to learn bare-back, like boys, for they get accustomed to a sort of balance on the horse; but when they come within hail of young ladyhood they must sober down to a side-saddle.

We will, if you please, walk our horses for a mile or so. Many young beasts are rather gay on first going out, but it is well to teach them to walk until we find that everything is in proper trim. Dick, you ride on Polly's right. The safer side is certainly the left, for your right hand is then nearest her, and in case of need I have known a man to bodily lift a lady clear of her saddle; but fashion dictates the right side. Remember, too, that it is the lady's option to give the pace, and her every wish should be your law. You must not leave her side, and only danger should allow you to exert your own will. Nothing is more ungallant than to cross your Amazon's choice or to leave her side for a moment. It is only "Sunday riders" who go stringing along the road at a breakneck pace. Expert horsemen ride close together, and slowly, as a rule, so as to indulge in pleasant talk.

Now let us start into a modest trot. Gather up

your reins, snaffle most, and a steady "Come, Don!" will suffice. Southern horses are taught to trot when you pull their mane. I prefer a word or a sign of the reins. Patroclus will go half a dozen gaits, and change from any one to any other by a very slight sign of the reins or a word. I shall drop behind you, Polly, to see how you rise to your trot. Some girls need to go fast to rise well, but this shows lack of skill. You can, I see, rise to a slow trot, and well too. Your backbone is straight over Don's. Now don't lean forward quite so much, nor sit back too stiff, and you'll do admirably.

Ah, Dick, I thought Punch would keep you busy. He's a very rogue for shying till he finds out that you're not timid. But don't be angry. A blow will only make him worse next time. Reason with him, and tell him not to be foolish. It is the tone of your voice does it. Shying may generally be overcome by firm kindness, unless, indeed, it comes from bad eyes; it never can by rough usage. I have worked weeks sometimes to make a horse forget a single unnecessary cut of the whip.

Here we come to a soft stretch of dirt-road. Shall we take a canter? Polly, draw up your curb a

bit, not too tight, but enough to bring in Don's head, and at the same minute lift your reins so as to gather him, and touch him with your heel. There, that sends him into a canter, with the right shoulder leading, which is easier for a girl. Now, steady! We don't want to rush into a gallop. Any plug can gallop. Only the well-trained hack is able or willing to put a twelve-mile gallop into a five-mile canter, and when he does there is nothing so agreeable. Handle your reins lightly, so that Don will mouth his bit as he canters, and you can hold him with a silken skein. But Punch, you see, is obstinate, and needs muscle; he has not been well-bitted. There is no pace capable of finer gradations than the canter. Well performed, it is the most exquisite of motions. A loose-jointed, ten-mile rush is not worthy the name of canter. There should be a perfect and slow rhythm to the feet, as well as a vigorous, springy action.

What do you say to crossing the fields here and making a bee-line for the highway? Hold hard, and let us take our bearings. This field won't do, for on the other side, you see, is a wall laid in cement, with sharp-edged cap-stones. I never like to let a girl take any but easy jumps, and don't like dangerous ones my-

self as well as when I was a boy. The next field, I notice, has a low wall on this side and an easy fence on the other, and we can skirt the marshy lowland and find a narrow place to jump yonder brook. It is not more than five feet wide in places. Now, Dick, you and Punch lead, so as to make Don jump free. Never fear Punch; all he wants is a little rein. Select that place where the wall is low, and take it moderately after you land. Polly, do you forget everything except to lean back, grip your horns for all you are worth, and let Don have his head. Loosen your curb before you start. Now, Dick! See Punch go at it shaking his head for very delight! Over he is! Now for you, Polly! Leave Don to himself, and—brava, pretty! You sat that well, though your hat did get knocked over your eyes. Hold hard, Dick. If Punch goes on that way, we shall bid good-by to him and you for the rest of the afternoon. Pull him down. We are not steeple-chasing. Keep to the right of the damp ground, well up the slope, and make for that panel in the fence where the top rail is gone.

You hold on, Polly, till you see Dick well across before you follow. If he should come down, you might land atop of him else. I will take the panel next to

you, and we will go it neck and neck. Steady him down. Never go wildly at a jump. Always keep to a gait such that your horse feels you are cool-headed, and he will be so too. Let him do his own work. This "lifting" a horse is only for the very expert. If he knows from your reins that your heart is in the right spot, he will jump boldly; and if it isn't, he will guess it sure, and probably refuse. Here we come. Now for it! Good again! Polly, you are a trump! That was strong three feet. We will brisk up into a hand-gallop across this pretty meadow and over the brook—*ditch* doesn't sound well—which is just beyond us. Dick, let Polly have the place to the left of the bushes. The take-off is firm there, and a trifle higher than the landing bank. We can all go together as well as not. Watch the horses' ears as they see the water ahead. Never fear; they will all take it handily in company, though Don might not do so alone. Give him a word of cheer, Polly, to make him feel that all's well. Now, then—over we are. Didn't you feel like a swallow on the wing? Is there anything like it? Let us pull down and take it easy.

And now, as we walk along over the soft turf, or pause, indeed, a few minutes while our nags get a

nibble of the fresh young grass, I want to spin you a yarn about a real Don and his plucky boy rider whom I have learned to know since I named our pony Don. This little beast, whose full name is Don Bucephalus, grew up on the pampas of the Argentine Republic, on a ranch where some fifty thousand sheep were herded, with lambs for playmates, and the horizon alone to fence him in. He was given to the Captain of an American schooner which made a yearly trip to Rosario for fruits and other products of the Rio de la Plata country. The only way in which Don could be got on board was to rig a tackle to the yard-arm, put him in a sling—which is a broad band around the body, held in place by straps front and rear—and hoist him up. But Don was so frightened when he found himself in mid-air that he struggled loose from the sling, and took a header into the river. They fished him out, and on the second trial he was wise enough to keep quiet; for Don is something of a philosopher. Once on deck, he was put in a huge box, just wide enough to squeeze him into, so that the sides should hold him steady when the ship pitched. Here Don stood two long months, asleep or awake, with his head and tail alternately bobbing out of the ends of his novel “box

stall," as the schooner rolled to and fro over the waves.

Sailors are always fond of pets, and Don was a prime favorite. The crew fed him on hay as long as the supply they had taken on board lasted, and then on potato peelings and ship's biscuit. Finally Boston Harbor was made, and Don found release from his prison. Every one supposed that this wild pampas pony would be frightened out of his wits at the novel sights of a city. But Don had too much wit to be frightened, and as a citizen of the world would not show surprise, if he felt any; he simply ignored the whole proceeding, and behaved as if he had long ago divined it all. He walked through Boston streets probably feeling akin to its intellectual atmosphere, stared the locomotive out of countenance when he was put on the cars to be taken to his new home, and accepted everything as a matter of course.

The Captain's people did not know what to do with the little fellow, and sold him for a song to a young bank clerk, whom, though Don is only twelve and one-half hands high, he managed to carry without effort. Once, indeed, he ran away with him, and on another occasion was put into a race, in which, though beaten,

he ran his three furlongs in forty-eight seconds with his owner in the saddle. On this gentleman's death, soon after, poor Don fell into cruel hands, whose unreasonable treatment he repaid with many spirited and resentful pranks, thus earning the reputation of treachery—a vice quite foreign to his nature. Finally good fortune cast his lot with his present owner, Master Alfred B——, of Fall River, then only seven years old.

Alfred had ridden little, but he had the stuff in him of which riders are made, and the first day he tried racing Don against his older brother's big pony. Not knowing Don's temper—indeed, knowing nothing of riding—he struck him with a stick. The spirit of the pampas rose at once in revolt. Off went Don like the wind, leaving the other pony far in the rear, threading the mazes of a funeral procession, and bringing every one to the scene where, like John Gilpin of old, this curly-pated youngster ran his race.

“The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, ‘Well done!’
As loud as he could bawl.”

But Alfred was in no whit dismayed. He stuck to Don like a trump as he flashed along the road for nearly

three miles, kept his head and seat, and finally pulled him up. When he got home he mildly observed, "I think I won't ride any more to-day, mamma." And when his mother, surprised, asked what had happened, he told her Don had run away, and added, "But I staid on, mamma, and I think he was getting tuckered."

Every one now protested that it was too dangerous a thing to keep Don, but the boy had no such fears, and Don staid. In a short while he found that he was among friends, where he need not fight for existence, and all that was sweet in him came out to repay the children's petting. He is by nature as docile as he is strong and plucky, and his young owner fairly matches him.

Don is a famous jumper, and has cleared obstacles all but as high as himself, while Alfred has taken a five-foot hurdle on his mother's thorough-bred. No one who has seen the pair ride to hounds would recognize the pony while of a summer day, he patiently waits unhitched, on the sandy beach for six or eight children to finish their bath, to and from which he daily drags the whole crowd in a village cart; or, indeed, when the boys stand him on the stable floor, hang a hat on his ear, and play leap-frog with him.

One day on the beach Don stood quietly while the children buried him nearly up to the body in sand, and the young ones all aver that he winked at them in pure enjoyment of their fun.

Master Alfred seems to have all the qualities which go to make the typical horseman. He is cool and courageous; he has a firm, steady seat, and is kind and judicious. With these to start with, everything else will come. I hope I shall know him a dozen years hence, for I am sure he will have justified his promise.

Here we are at the highway, with an open gate, which you and I, Polly, will soberly go through. But Dick has no idea of using a gate when there is a stone wall to jump, and Punch to carry him over it. I hope you are not tired of walking. There is no gait in the saddle to be compared to a good walk. It is a pity to have to hurry for exercise. Road riding should be a lazy luxury, and on a walk one can converse so much better than on any other gait. There are hundreds of things I want to tell you, but I shall have to wait for another day. Both Dick and you have good firm seats, and I fancy your hands will become gradually lighter. There is one test both of good hands and a mouth well

bitted which you should keep in mind, for these, you see, mutually depend on each other.

If your horse will stop, back, and turn handily and quickly and without boring—that is, without giving a dull, heavy pull on the bit—both his mouth and your hands are properly light. But whenever your horse bores, something is wrong. A light-mouthed horse may, in galloping, or when very fresh, want to work up to the bit with taut reins, but the least indication will arch his neck and make the bits play loosely in his mouth. What I mean by boring is the stupid, unintelligent, stiff-necked hold of the bit which nine out of ten horses always show. In this condition you can convey no meaning to them except by sheer muscle. All skill is thrown away. The horse's bits should be handled as delicately as the instrument which sends the telegram along the wires. In fact, the reins and bits are only for just such messages. How to "make" a horse's mouth I will tell you some other time. It is a long story.

And here we are back home. You may now learn to dismount in good form. You, Polly, hand your whip to the groom who holds your horse's head; Dick will release your foot from the stirrup; you can then take

your knee from off the pommel, so that you sit square across the horse; seize your skirts in your hands so that you will not catch in them; Dick will place his hands on your waist or under your elbows, and you can glide to the ground as lightly as may be. There, that is well done. Some ladies prefer to place their right hand on the pommel, and give their left to the gentleman who dismounts them, and with the short skirt of the day this is not a bad plan. The main thing is to land lightly and clear of your saddle, and not to trip on your skirt.

And now let me thank you for a very pleasant ride, Miss Polly, and you, Dick, too, and say, not good-by, but *au revoir!*

IV.

IN my last article I promised to tell you how to "make" a horse's mouth. If you have ridden several of the average ponies, or if your Don has not an exceptionally good mouth, you have probably been often annoyed by a habit of hard pulling on the bit. Now

colts uniformly have soft, "sweet" mouths. Pulling or boring is the result of bad training or bad management. Under some circumstances it is considered by many an advantage to have a horse pull. Trotters who have to be steadied to keep them from breaking into a gallop may perhaps be better for a reasonably hard mouth. Hunters who "take hold of you" are often preferred by rough riders, or by those who like to support themselves a trifle by the rein; and for any but a very skillful rider this may not be altogether amiss, for a severe jerk on a very soft mouth might often get both horse and rider into a peck of trouble in a ticklish place. And it is just these places where one's seat gets unsteady and one's hands are apt to jerk. But the ideal saddle-horse, for road or park riding, *must* have a perfect mouth, for a horse cannot be trained to any extent unless his mouth has been made as sensitive as your finger-tips.

A colt properly broken will always keep the sweet mouth Dame Nature gave him, and even the very worst mouths can by skill and patience be made soft and good. To tell you how to do this in the very best way would require a small volume; indeed, hundreds of books have been written on the subject. But I can

perhaps give you in a few words a hint or two which will be helpful if you will study what I say so as to understand it. Remember, however, that unless your seat is so firm that your hands are light, you cannot possibly give a horse a soft mouth.

Suppose now you stand at Don's near shoulder, and taking hold of the curb reins at the withers, give a steady, gentle pull. Don may attempt to back, but you must check this inclination with the voice. The pressure of the curb chain will soon make him bring down his head, open his mouth, and arch his neck. As soon as he does this, pat and caress him, and in a second or two release the rein, and let him have his head a moment to rest. Try the same thing again and again, very gradually keeping the neck arched a bit longer each time, but never so long as to tempt him to resist, which he will do by pulling on the bit, or throwing up his head, or backing.

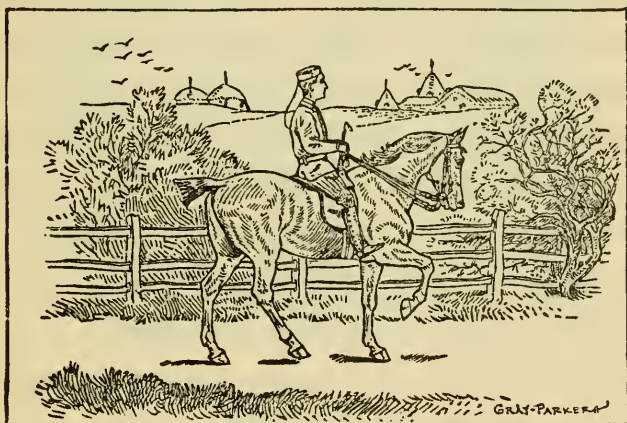
So long as he champs the bit and seems comfortable, keep on at this drill for, say, about half an hour a day. In a week or two you will find that Don will arch his neck at the slightest indication of the bit, and keep it arched for a long time without fatigue. When he does this easily, try the same thing for a few days mounted

and standing. And later still go through the exercise for a week or two while Don is walking. Never try to force his mouth; coax him with hand and voice; and never keep him at it long enough to tire him so that he will hang on the curb, for this will surely spoil his mouth:

After some weeks you will find that Don will keep his neck arched, his mouth open, and a light hold of the bits at any gait. This is what we call "in hand." At first you had better alternate between keeping him "in hand" and letting him carry his head his own way, so as not to weary him too much. And if your hands are light, and you do not jerk or worry him, you will be surprised to see what a soft mouth Don is acquiring. The same thing can now be accomplished with the snaffle-bit, but in lieu of a steady pull you may have to give little gentle jerks on the rein till Don opens his mouth and arches his neck.

The next thing to teach him is to bring his head around to the right or left without moving his feet. Stand at his near shoulder, take hold of the left curb rein with your left hand not far from the bit, and with your right hand gently pull the right rein across his withers so as to coax him to move his head toward his

right shoulder. So soon as he does this a little, caress him and release his head. Try again, and by-and-by you will find that Don will bring his head well round to his side, with arched neck and champing bit. Then do the same thing on the other side, and by-and-by in the saddle, standing still. All these exercises supple his neck and help to make his forehand light, as I will



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A FIVE-MILE GAIT.

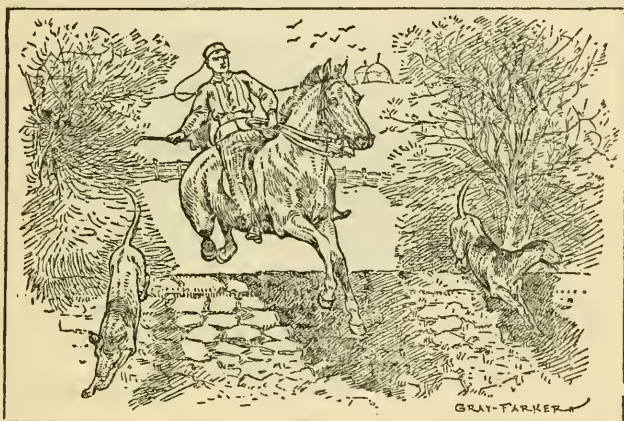
soon explain to you. I have often taught my horses to put their heads around in this way by holding out to them a bit of sugar or apple on my toe when mounted. But this fails to teach them what the pressure of the bit means.

After this simple fashion, by patient and intelligent

instruction for a few weeks, Don will have learned to open his mouth, arch his neck to the bit, and hold his head in any desired position at will. Now what is the good of all this? you will very naturally ask. Well, to begin with, the horse that will open his mouth will rarely lean on the bit; and if he learns that the little gentle jerks of the snaffle or pull of the curb mean that you want him to open it, he will, with every horse's natural tendency to obedience as well as to avoid the pressure, be almost sure to do so. By the drill above described the horse learns to so hold his head that his bits will rest easily in his mouth, and if you will not pull on him, neither will he on you. It is not to be supposed that a horse likes the pain which is given by pulling on a bit; he has simply imagined from his trainer's or owner's management that he was required to do so. He will be delighted to find out his mistake.

More important still is the effect which this softening of the mouth produces in his action. You have all noticed how heavy in his movements a horse who hugs his bit is apt to be. He may be fast and courageous, but he is not well balanced. Now just as soon as a horse learns to hold his head in a light and easy way,

this lightness is communicated to his entire forehand, or that part in front of the saddle, and he instinctively exerts himself to become quick and handy in his gait. This is much the same thing as you would do if, instead of carrying a heavy bundle, you should walk along balancing a stick on your finger. The one effort would



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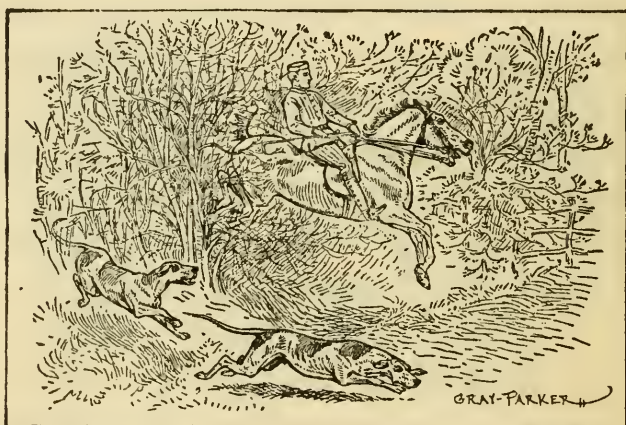
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OVER THE WALL.

make you heavy and awkward; the other would oblige you to be light and spry. And thus the second effect of Don's learning to come "in hand" is to make his whole forehand light and active.

You may again ask, Of what use is it to teach a horse all these things? The answer is because all this training makes a horse obedient as well as clever, and

renders him so tractable and docile that often the most nervous and high-strung thorough-bred may be safely intrusted to the weak—if skilful—hands of a woman to manage, and because any training which enables us to control so strong an animal by the use of the least muscular force must of necessity be good.



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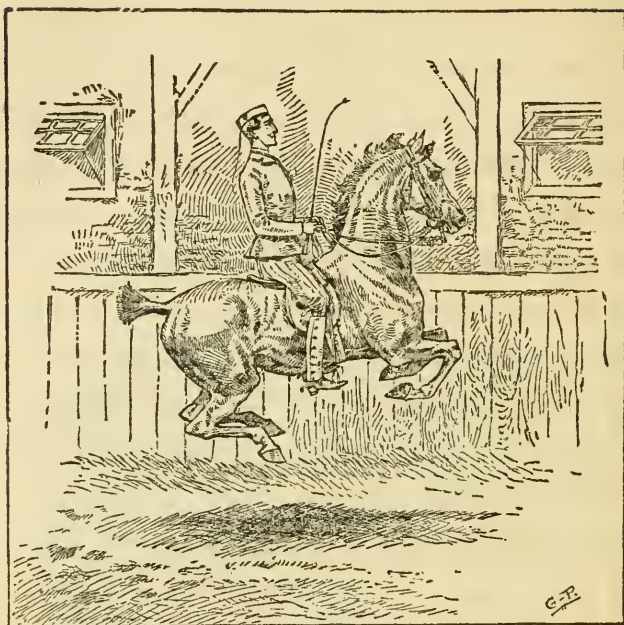
SAFE THROUGH A "BULLFINCH."

If you have ever seen a lot of fine horses let out from the stable into a pretty pasture, you will have seen how very proudly they bear themselves, and what beautiful steps and gambols they execute. Under saddle they will not do any of these things if trained by the usual method. Nor must they ever be allowed to do so of their own volition, because they and their riders would

be all too apt to part company if they suddenly took it into their heads to "lark" a bit. But by the high-school training a horse may be taught to do all these things, and more, at the will of his rider; and they are not only very beautiful in the performance, but to learn them makes the horse extremely light and docile.

Now, while Don has been learning how to come "in hand" properly, you may have noticed that he has carried his head a trifle too low. To correct this you can raise your hands somewhat; and whenever a horse gets his head too high, the hands should be lowered.

Having thus taught Don to come "in hand," you want to go back to what I told you about the croup flexions, so as to teach him to "collect" himself. You will have already trained Don to move his croup away from the spur a step or two to the right or left; and you will now gradually teach him to move one or two steps of the hind-feet to the right, and then at once back again, without having moved his forefeet. He will soon learn this; and you will notice that he is apt to first move the foot on the side to which you apply the spur. This has another use, of which anon. Now, as I hinted in my second article, teach him, by gently closing both heels upon him, to bring his hind-feet a

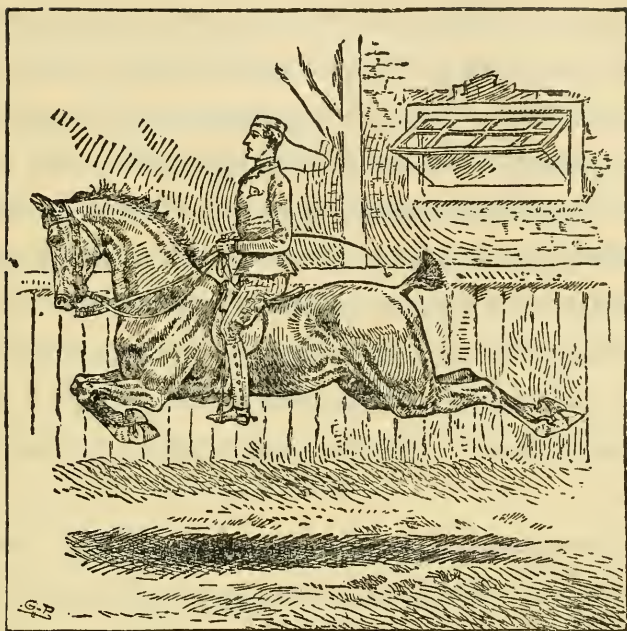


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THE CROUPADE.

trifle more under the saddle than he usually holds them, and without moving his forefeet. In this position, with head "in hand," he will be "collected," as we call it; *i. e.*, light forward, and with his hind-legs where they can quickly sustain the entire weight if necessary, and respond to your call for any step or action. This "collected" condition may be kept at any gait, and is what enables one to control a horse thoroughly.



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THE CAPRIOLE.

About the walk and trot there is much more to be said; but I must leave these gaits to your own discretion, in order to tell you a few things about the canter. You have no doubt noticed, or, if not, then watch him until you do notice, that Don sometimes canters with one shoulder in the lead (*i. e.*, thrown forward further and later), and sometimes with the other; and that if he turns to the right when cantering he is apt to change to a lead with the right shoulder in advance, if not

already so leading. This is a natural thing for the horse to do, but it will be useful to teach Don to lead as you wish. This you may accomplish by cantering him round in a circle to the right, all the while keeping your left heel near his flank. He will by nature lead with the right shoulder, and will gradually get to associate your left heel with his right lead. After a few days canter him in a circle to the left, with your right heel near his flank; and later in a figure 8, with alternate heels pressed in as he is about to make the turns.

If you want Don to start into a canter from a stand or walk or trot, with right lead, you apply the left heel in the same way at the moment you lift your reins to make him take that gait. There are two reasons for this: one, that he has got to associate your left heel with his right lead, and the other, that your left spur inclines to make him advance that hind-foot first, as I above told you; and if he starts the canter with the left hind-foot he will be leading with the right shoulder. When you have studied the anatomy and motions of the horse as closely as I have you will understand this better. Every step of a horse has to be understood before you can undertake to train him to an exceptional degree of intelligence.

When you have discreetly followed out what I have told you I am sure that you will have all become excellent riders for boys and girls. You will have a good seat; your hands are light; Don can walk, trot, and canter well "collected," and can start with either lead, or change lead in the canter; he can take a few side steps with forehand or croup at will; and he can jump handily. He is already much further advanced than most horses, and well prepared for almost any work. If you want to study the art further, I shall be glad to tell you more about it.

I will now say something to you about the illustrations. Forty years ago it required nearly five minutes to take a daguerreotype; ten years ago it took half a minute for a photograph. But you have all heard that photography has advanced to such an extent that a picture can to-day be taken instantaneously, in, say, the thousandth part of a second, or even less. By this process we get a faithful picture of an animal moving. All the illustrations of this article, except the "Croupade" and "Capriole," are exact copies of such photographs. The first is my dear old horse Patroclus, whom I am glad to introduce to you, ambling a five-mile gait along the road. Nothing but the rider's face

has been changed. I have put this in to show you what a good position in the saddle should be. This is just right, and as it is exactly reproduced from life, will show you that a man may practise what he preaches. The next is the same horse clearing a wall. Notice the seat, the rider leaning well back and perfectly close and secure, and the reins loose but well in hand. Again we have old Pat, carrying his rider safe through a bullfinch, as we call a hedge overgrown with young trees. I give you this to show you the side view of the seat in a jump. The foot might perhaps be thrown a trifle further back, but the seat is firm, and Pat is well in hand for landing. Notice how he has tucked up his hind-legs, and how he is gradually straightening his fore-legs so as to land safely on one after the other, first the left and then the right, to be followed in quick order by the same hind-legs.

These three photographs are from a series which were taken for me by Baldwin Coolidge, of Boston, as I rode Patroclus over some obstacles at my country home, and along my driveway.

The other two pictures show some of the "airs" which by *haute école*, or high-school training, a horse may be made to perform. In the "Croupade," the

horse, at the will of his rider, springs high into the air, tucks all his feet close up under him, and comes down in the same place with all four feet at once. A succession of "Croupades" makes a very brilliant show, and you can hardly imagine the delicate condition to which a horse must be trained in order to execute at will this very difficult feat, and to understand by the bit and heels just what his rider wants. For there are a great many of these "airs," all differing one from the other. The "Capriole" differs from the "Croupade" only in that while in the air the horse lashes out with his hind-feet held close together; and though he looks as if he was making a twenty-foot leap, he will actually come down not more than twelve inches in advance of where he rose from the ground.

As I told you before, there is no particular utility in these "airs" *per se*, but the course of training by which the horse learns them makes him very tractable, and to know how to teach him to perform these requires a very high degree of horsemanship. Now horsemanship is the profession of some men, such, for instance, as cavalry soldiers. Have you ever seen two men fencing? If so, you have noticed how very exact and skilful a man has to be in order to cut, thrust, and parry well,

and how his position on the ground must be as perfectly balanced as a rope-dancer's to do his work. The cavalryman has to use his weapon in the saddle, and you will see that unless he can instantly shift his horse into such positions that he is firm in the saddle and that the saddle is in just the right place to enable him to deliver his cut or thrust, or parry his enemy's, he cannot fight to advantage. And it is only by such a course of training as I have hinted at that horse and rider can be educated to do this work to perfection. It is related of Guardsman Shaw that in a cavalry *mêlée* at the battle of Waterloo he disabled more than twenty French horsemen before he was himself wounded by a bullet. This was the result of very great skill both as a swordsman and a rider, and it cannot be doubted that his trooper was as highly trained as himself.

DRIVING.

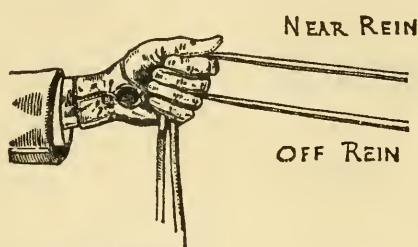
DRIVING.*

I.

IT is desirable, if we are to talk on the subject of driving, for us to have a nag. I understand, Dick, that you still own that capital saddle pony Don, whom we have ridden and chatted about so much. I have forgotten whether you ever put Don into the shafts. Yes? If he had not been broken to harness he would be wanting in a highly desirable accomplishment. While a saddle-horse, pure and simple, is doubtless the highest type, he is not as useful as what they call in Kentucky a "combined horse," *i. e.*, one that can be both ridden and driven. It is rare that a pony is not broken to drive; and once taught, though he may get rusty and be a bit fidgety when he has not been har-

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nessed for many months, he will not forget his early lessons, and with kindness and good sense will drop



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FIG. 1.

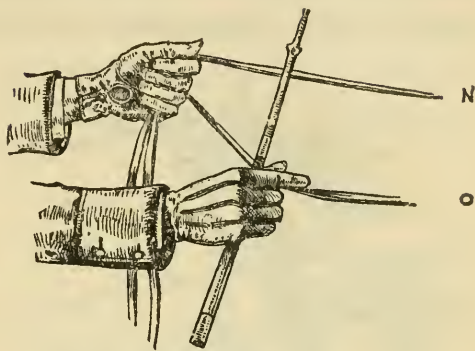
into his old habit very readily.

Let me give you a hint about harnessing him. Try and do it all by yourself, unless

Don is very green. There are two reasons for this. First you want to know that every strap is sound and properly adjusted, for you are risking your precious bones on its strength; and second, Don will be less fidgety with one person about him than with several. A nervous horse must get so excited at seeing a lot of people about, who are ceaselessly shouting Whoa, and acting in an unusual manner, that he will get all wrought up, and cannot keep quiet; whereas if only one person was about, who spoke to him in a reassuring tone, and, giving him the familiar pat, went about the business in a business-like way, he would stand like a sheep till his master mounted the box, picked up the reins, and spoke to him. A horse gets flurried quicker than a man, because he cannot reason; but when he has

found that he can rely on you to reason for him, and that your kind voice really means that everything is all right, he will take your word for it every time.

Now let us go to work from the

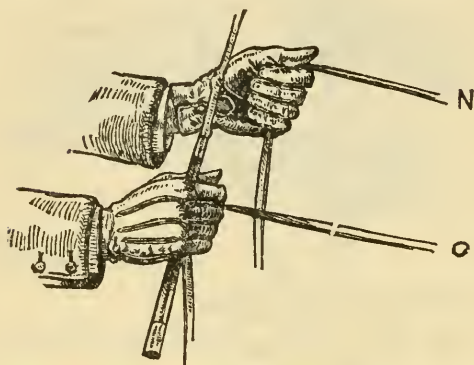


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FIG. 2.

beginning. Walk up to Don's stall with a friendly word, pat him gently on the flank to make him move so as to give you room to go in, and as you reach his head stroke his face or ears to make him feel the friendship you really have for him. It is a good plan to have a slice of carrot or a little salt or sugar—the least bit will do—just to tickle his palate. He has been standing all alone for hours, remember, and this little attention will not be lost upon him. I have cured horses of kicking as you entered their stalls by letting them expect something to eat. In watching for the tidbit they quite forgot the trick. Unhitch Don's halter and back him out to the floor. Let him have just a mouthful of water. Then pick up each of

his feet to clean them out and to see that the hoofs and shoes are in good order. If you do this in a coax-



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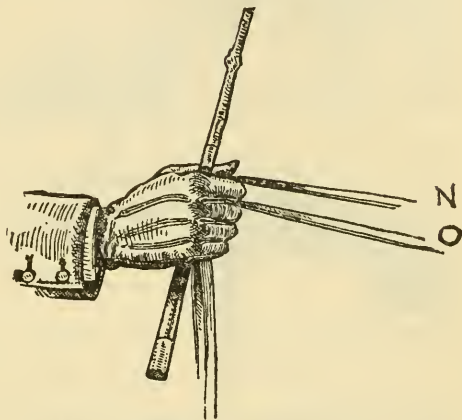
FIG. 3.

ing way, he will soon get in the habit of himself lifting each foot for you, so that you only have to steady it. All this is of course properly the work of the

groom; but a man who wants his horses well cared for must know how and be able to do these things himself, even if he does not very often put his knowledge into practice. There is another use in this: a horse may get a stone in his foot on the road, and if he is awkward with his feet, you may have a deal of trouble in getting it out. A stone bruise may produce serious lameness.

Don has probably been groomed, so that all that remains to be done is to smooth down his coat with a cloth, and he is ready to harness. First, we take down the collar or breastplate, and pass it over his head and

into place. The breastplate goes on easily; if you use a collar, unless Don's head is very small, you should remove the hames, and perhaps open the collar a trifle at the broadest part, so that putting it on shall not hurt him. By coaxing you will soon get him to put his head down and help you push the collar on. A pat on the nose after it is done will make him like to do it.



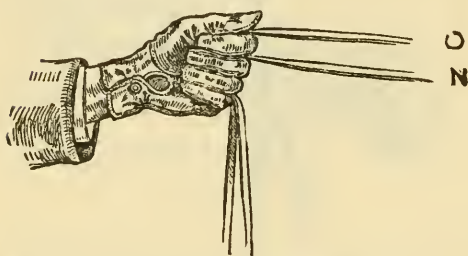
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FIG. 4.

In putting on the hames be sure you get them even and well strapped into place. Loose hames may be very dangerous. Next comes the bridle. This also requires Don to put down his head. Be sure no one ever raps him over the head. This is the way horses get to jerking away from the bridle.

Stand on his left side, with the bridle in the left hand; pass the check-rein over his head; pat his cheek; seize the forelock in your right hand, and hold the

bridle by the top with the same; put the bits in Don's mouth with the left; gather the forelock with the left, and slip the head-piece up over the ears with the right; smooth out the hairs and buckle the throat-latch. This is a horsemanlike way to do it. The rest of the harness is simple enough to put on. Buckle the belly-band tight enough to keep the saddle in place, especial-



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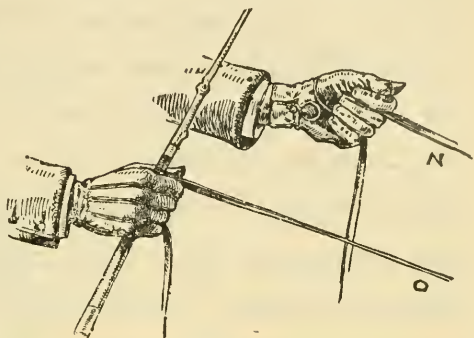
FIG. 5.

ly if you have a cart harness without breeching. The back strap should not be too long, nor short enough to make the crupper gall.

Your reins had best go in the cheek. Unless Don pulls worse than I expect he does, you do not need the curb, and while a horse may be made to work in higher style by its use, he is not as steady for a new hand, and the necessity which calls for it under saddle is not present in harness.

Now back Don up near the shafts. Some people back the horse into them; but there is always a risk of his stepping on one. A better way is to put a crutch

under the whiffle-tree bar and back Don into place, and then let down the shafts; or, yet better, to hold them up and teach him to back, at your word, into place. As I said before, Don should be so quiet during all this as to make it perfect-



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FIG. 6.

ly easy for you to do the whole thing single-handed. You cannot always have some one to help you. Of course if Don had never been in harness before, or had been long unharnessed, you might have to go to work more deliberately, and require some help.

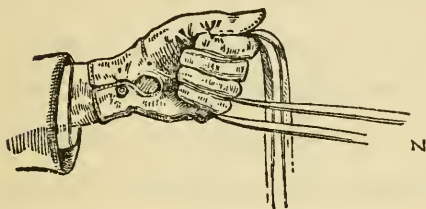
If you have a two-wheeled cart, you must have your shaft lugs and band so loose as to allow the shafts to play up and down on a balance. Your cart seat should be so placed that when you sit on it the balance is perfect. It is easier for man and beast to have the shafts tilt up rather than weigh down. The usual cart jolts badly if you buckle the shafts close, and it will irritate Don's back. In fact, a good cart harness should have

the lug strap play over and through the saddle, so as to yield an inch from side to side.

If you use a four-wheeler, the shafts should have only a little play. Don can be hitched nearer to a cart than a buggy, because the shafts are higher, as a rule, and the whiffle-tree, if any, is further under. But there must be enough room to prevent anything from running on him. Your breeching will hold the carriage back, but you must leave it loose enough to prevent wearing off the hair. You would not like to ride Don if he showed harness galls. Let your shafts hang so that they do not pinch on the trace buckles; for this will not only wear both, but make bare spots on Don's shoulders as well. If you use a check-rein—which I wouldn't do if I were you—let it be a loose one. The only good in a check-rein is to prevent a horse from kicking or from getting his head too low when left alone, and thus catching it in something. Some people think a check will prevent his stumbling. So it will, just about as much as you can pull yourself up by your boot straps—not an atom more.

Now that you are all harnessed and ready to start, open the door. Don't let Don get excited and eager to start. If he does, shut and open it several times to

teach him that the mere opening of the door is no signal for him. When he learns to stand perfectly unconcerned, with the door wide open before him, give a pull at the cart or buggy as if you were getting in, and while doing so take a look at your running-gear. Find



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FIG. 7.

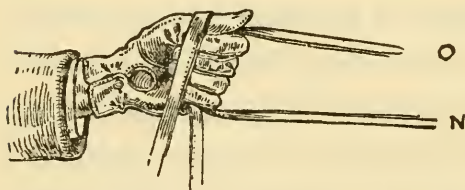
out when it was oiled. Wheels ought to be oiled for every fifty miles run. But keep your eye on Don if he is apt

to make a sudden start. However safe on the road, Don would be dangerous if he would not let you get in and out quietly. And when you are on the road it is well to draw up to one side occasionally and get out. Not a bad plan is to give Don a nibble of grass or a leaf from your hand before starting again. It reconciles him to stopping and standing in out-of-the-way places.

Everything is ready. Pick up your reins. Don't let Don start yet. Until you draw them up and speak to him he must not budge. Many a neck has been broken by an otherwise perfectly reliable horse that was over-

eager to start. Now as to your seat. The word "seat" applies properly to riding; but the driver must be so placed that his position on the box is firm and comfortable, that he has his feet braced so as to be able to exert his whole strength in a direct pull, and that his arms are perfectly free. Well, here we are, all tucked in and comfortable. Draw up your reins, and give a chirrup, or a "Come, boy!" and off we move. Hold hard, my young friend! Always start at a walk for a few steps, till you find everything all right. We will go fast enough by-and-by.

There are numerous ways of holding the reins. Let us take one way at a time, leaving the whip for the nonce



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FIG. 8.

in the socket.

First, place the near rein over the index finger of the left hand,

the off rein be-

tween the middle and third fingers, the two falling downward through the grasp, thumb upward (Fig. 1). By bringing the thumb backward toward the body, you can draw the near rein; by bringing the little finger backward toward the body, the off rein. When

you want to use both hands, place the index and thumb of the right hand over the off rein, and give a pressure as distinct as necessary (Fig. 2); or if you want entirely to remove the off rein from the left hand, seize it between index and middle fingers, and let the end pass down through the grasp. To replace it in the left hand, slide the right hand back on the rein until you can readily do so (Fig. 3), or else shift the rein into the right hand between the thumb and index (Fig. 4), and then place the left hand in advance of the right, and seize with left as shown in Fig. 1.

Second, off rein over index, near rein under index, both passing out between third and little finger (Fig. 5). When wishing to use both hands, take up off rein over index of right hand, and passing out under third (Fig. 6), to be replaced when desired. Third, near rein under little finger, off rein between little and third, passing upward, and held by thumb (Fig. 7). Pick up with right, as in Fig. 6.

These three are what might be called artistic or coachman-like ways of holding the reins, and each has its advantages. I greatly prefer the first, because one can shift hands so much more quickly: many consider the second the best; the third does not give you

as much strength as the others. There are still other ways. Many excellent drivers have ways of their own. There is a manner of holding the reins in one hand, which, though I fancy it is the farmer's style, and may provoke a smile, is yet one of the best I know for driving a single horse. Near rein under little finger and up over thumb; off rein over index and under thumb; both crossing and grasped in the hand (Fig. 8). This keeps the reins well apart, enables you to exert a better pull on either by the turn of the wrist, and can be quite as readily shortened as the above second and third methods.

II.

Now, Dick, we can start into a trot. Draw up your reins a trifle, for when a horse walks he takes a longer rein than when he is moving rapidly. Chirrup to him, and Don will be only too glad to brighten up his gait. Hold your whip hand close to your rein hand, so that at any minute you can use both. Have you not often seen a man with a rein in each hand, and his hands

almost up to his ears, trying to pull in his fresh or frightened nag, and utterly helpless? When a horse is jogging along, in a matter-of-fact way, he has perhaps twelve inches more rein than when he is prancing or feeling pretty bright. The only way to take up this slack is to use your hands as I have explained to you. You are at your horse's mercy if your hands are wide apart and in the air; nor have you any strength in your arms for a direct pull.

Now as we jog along at this eight-mile gait, suppose you practise shifting your hands. Keep the whip in the socket. You are holding the reins as in Fig. 1. Now put your right hand in front of your left, and grasp them as shown in Fig. 4. Then place your left hand again in front of your right, seizing the reins as in Fig. 1, and you will have shortened your hold as much as you need. Now let the reins slide successively through each hand, so as to shift slowly several times. Occasionally hold them in the right hand for a moment, and leave the left hand free. You may be called on to use your left hand some time for another purpose.

When you feel at home, practise all this with the whip in your hand. It is well to shift thus from time

to time whenever you are driving. It trains your hands, and, better still, keeps Don's mouth lively when done with a delicate touch. There is nothing more annoying than a horse who takes a dull heavy hold of you and never varies. In driving, a nice light mouth is almost as essential as in riding.

Whenever Don is startled or shies, you will have to shorten rein as I have told you. Don't whip him. If he makes but a slight start, you need only put your right hand on the reins in front of the left for a moment, so as to shorten without shifting your left. It is when your reins are quite too long, or when Don is misbehaving or is really frightened, that you need shorten up by a new hold. After shying, or when trotting fast, Don may break into a canter. This it is well to check, as only a trot is allowable between the shafts. A steady hand and voice is all that is required; or if this does not suffice, pulling his head to one or other side alternately. No need to do this violently: There is still another way to shorten—by taking hold of the reins back of the left hand and drawing them through as far as you want them; but a horse often starts so quickly that this is too slow a way to check him.

Here we come to a down-grade. Don is sure-footed, so that you need do no more than steady him and slow up his gait a trifle. A regular stumbler in a cart is too dangerous to drive. In a buggy he cannot do so much harm even if he does come down, but in a cart he may throw you over the dasher. Some people always let a horse walk downhill and hold back in the breeching. This is a mistake with a sure-footed horse. It wearies him as much to hold back downhill as to draw his load uphill. If he is reliable you gain a good deal by letting him go down ordinary hills at a fair pace.

An up and down hill road, if the hills are not too steep and long, is much easier than a perfectly level road; because a horse brings into play different muscles going up and down, and on a flat, level road he constantly uses but one set. There used to be a great test of this on the Hudson River. There was the country road running along the river-bank, up and down hill; and in winter-time, when the river was frozen, there was a road on the ice. The ice road was of course entirely flat, and much shorter than the country road, for the hills and windings added considerably to the distance. And yet of two equally good horses, one travelling fifty miles between towns on the ice, and the

other along the hilly road, the latter always came in sooner and fresher.

So, then, let Don jog down the hill, keeping your reins and eye ready, and when he gets nearly to the bottom, if there is an up-grade near ahead, cheer him with a word, and let him get the impetus of the wagon to carry him up a part of the slope. In this way an energetic horse will often get half-way up a hill before he comes back into a walk. What a good walker Don is! There is no gait, under saddle or in harness, so important. A busy walker is allowed to walk a great part of his journey; but we get so vexed with a slow one that we keep him trotting nearly all the time. A lazy walker is not worth owning even if he is a "forty" horse.

Did you ever hear the old saw?

"Uphill, hurry me not;
Downhill, flurry me not;
On the level, spare me not;
In the stable, forget me not."

There is a good deal of horse-sense in it. My grandfather used to tell me that verse when I was a little boy. The first line means that in dragging a load uphill you ought to let Don take his time; and if it is a very long or steep hill, stop once or twice at some place where you can run the wheel back against a

stone, or into one of the drain gullies in the road, so as to ease his shoulders in the collar. Or if you cannot do this, stop him and turn his head across the road, so as to take the weight off him and let him get his wind again. The "downhill, flurry me not," is just what I have been telling you about. Let Don do his work at a natural gait, but don't interfere too much with him. Merely keep an eye on the road and him. "On the level, spare me not," however, does not mean that you are at liberty to push a horse beyond his endurance, but merely that, on a good road, you can spin along occasionally. And remember that the driver's first duty is to constantly keep his eyes out for anything in the road which might be dangerous for the wagon to run over or the horse to step on, or for any object which might be apt to frighten him.

Now about the use of the whip. I prefer the American style for one horse or a pair. Grasp it firmly in the right hand six inches above the butt, and hold it at an upward angle across your body, inclining it out a trifle toward the dasher. This prevents your striking your neighbor with it. You must learn to handle the reins as well with as without the whip; and when you have used it on your horse, you must be ready to

shorten rein or use both hands at once. If your team is a lively one, it is well to gather in your reins before using your whip.

You ask which is the easier, a cart or a buggy. Well, that depends on roads a good deal. A cart takes a deal of pulling uphill if it is a heavy one. On level, good roads it bowls along easily. The wheels are larger, which makes traction lighter, and there are only two wheels, which, if the axles are good, reduces the friction materially. But the roads must be in excellent condition for a cart. On bad roads a four-wheeler is preferable. After all said, there are few vehicles as good as an American buggy, or as well adapted to our country roads. The light road-wagon of one of our best makers is distinctly the finest piece of carriage-building in the world, and will stand harder usage for its weight than any other thing that runs. The only fault of an American buggy is that you must cramp the wheel to get in and out, and that it does not turn as short as a cart or a four-wheeler whose front wheels run under.

And now about gait. Some people like to drive one steady, plodding trot. Nothing tires a horse more. An occasional walk, varied by a lively spurt for a mile or

so, gets over a distance faster and with less effort. By spurts I do not mean putting the horse at the top of his speed. That always tires him quickly. Speed takes more out of a horse than distance. But a seven or eight mile trot—whatever is the horse's own natural gait—with a walk and a bit of a spurt now and then, is a variety which is better than a constant seven-mile plod.

Here we come to a watering-trough, and Don looks over toward it as if he would like a mouthful. Never fear, it won't hurt him. He is not hot, and even if he were, a little water won't harm if you move him right on after drinking. But never water and let a horse stand, unless he is quite cool. You may founder him else. Nor is very cold water, such as comes from a well, good at any time if a horse is warm. But running or trough water is rarely dangerous, unless you let your nag drink too much or stand. If you water every ten or twelve miles on a warm day, it is about right.

Now Don is so easy a pony to drive that you would not learn all about managing a more stubborn or restless horse by merely driving him. Nor do I propose to tell you about the tricks of brutes, or how to break

colts. These are out of our line. If a horse is apt to pull, you must use either the curb bit or some bit on which he will not lean. Sometimes a leather bit or a rubber-covered steel-spring bit answers the purpose, for it is so yielding that it is difficult for him to get a hold against it. But a light curb with a light hand is best. The curb chain should not be too tight. A puller will lean part of the time on this, but whenever he stops pulling, as he will from time to time, by a coaxing movement of the hand and a word or two, you can get him to understand that he is doing what you want. Few horses will take hold of the curb and pull steadily. If Don were a runaway, you might be obliged to drive him constantly on the curb. What I told you about "making" Don's mouth under saddle, is, within restrictions, applicable to driving. By means of the curb you may make a horse lighter and more active.

One thing, Dick, you must be very particular about: keep Don's mouth even. Few things more entirely spoil the comfort of driving a good horse than his pulling on one rein. I used to own a nag whose mouth was so one-sided that you could drive him with a single rein by pulling or slacking upon it. Sometimes this fault makes a horse hold his head on one side;

sometimes only the driver is aware of the habit. Such a mouth is almost always made by a bad bit, which galls one side, and makes it callous, or else by the driver pulling unevenly on the reins, till the horse acquires the habit. You must be sure in driving that you hold the reins with an equal tension, or else you will certainly end in giving Don a one-sided mouth.

In this country we turn out to the right on meeting a team, and pass a slower one by driving to its left. In England they turn out to the left, and pass to the right, which is better. A man sits on the right of the box-seat, so that his whip-arm may be free, and being on that side, he can watch his wheels and drive much closer to a team he is meeting if he turns out to the left than if, as we do, he turns to the right.

Will Don back quickly and handily? This is a very necessary accomplishment, especially if you drive in a buggy, which can be turned in a narrow space only by backing. A great many people never practise this, and I have known a man to drive miles out of his way to find a place wide enough to turn around, when by backing he could turn anywhere. Did you ever try it? Suppose you want to turn your buggy about to the left in a narrow lane. Simply turn Don's head to the right,

so as to cramp the right wheel, and then back as far as is convenient. You will then find that the position of the buggy is square across the road, so that you can turn very readily by moving Don to the left. In doing this, remember that a horse cannot step sidewise very rapidly. His shoulder has only limited side action. Give him time.

III.

AND now let us see what we can do double with your Don and Polly's new pony Peggy. They are pretty much of a size and disposition. And a horse that drives single kindly will almost always drive double as soon as he gets started. Stand them up, Don on the off side, and let us take a look. No; they will work better the other way. Peggy, you see, is just a bit higher at the quarter, and carries her head, you remember, if anything, a trifle higher than Don. She ought to go on the off side, because all roads, in order to shed water, are made to slope from the centre toward each gutter, and thus the off horse is sure to be

on lower ground, except when you are driving exactly in the middle of the road. I think Don and Peggy will carry their collars almost the same height, and they both carry their tails out pretty well. Nothing looks worse than to see one nag of a pair carry his tail close and the other well out. You can equalize the heads to a certain extent with check-reins, but the tails you must leave to themselves.

It doesn't take long to put on the harnesses. Now stand them in place on each side of the pole. We are going to drive to-day in a phaeton which has a pole and yoke. With the heavy running-gear of cities, where the roads are all very flat and good, a pole works just as well with a crab instead of a yoke. The horses are hitched closer together, and perhaps a crab is stronger than a yoke. Still, down-hill it is always a one-sided performance for each horse. The yoke on the pole has a twofold use. The horses can be put apart or near together as you like, and when they hold back it is a direct pull on their collars. And on the country roads, which are not always good, it is easier for horses to be well apart. Each can do his work with less jar of the pole, and in speeding is much more free. For a distance at a fine gait over country roads there is nothing

equal to a Goddard buggy and a good pair of roadsters, harnessed *à l'Américaine*. I do not think any part of the world affords as much ease to man and beast alike. Another thing about our poles is that they always have whiffle-trees instead of splinter-bars. The whiffle-tree equalizes the draught on the collar, even if the traces are not exactly of a length, which when they begin to stretch with use they never are. A splinter-bar is apt to make the collar gall the shoulder, for it has no play. Buckle your straps so that the yoke will be pretty close to the collar, and pass the strap through the collar first and then through the ring. I never like to rely on the hames alone in a hilly country. Get your traces tight enough not to have much slack. There—that will do. Now for the reins.

This is the most important part. I often wonder how people can drive a pair, and whip up one horse all day long, when it is not the poor nag's laziness, but his short rein, that keeps him back. Almost any two horses can be made to work evenly by proper reining. Notice what the reins are. Each horse has his own, which goes into the outside ring of his bit. On each of these reins is buckled, half-way down, the coupling-rein, which connects him with the other horse

by going into the inside ring of the latter's bit. Thus Don's coupling-rein is buckled into Peggy's rein and Peggy's into Don's. Each direct rein has a number of holes, so that the coupling-rein can be made longer or shorter. If both are made shorter by buckling them back on the direct rein toward the driver, you see that this will get the horses nearer together, and if made longer by buckling them away from the driver, this will spread the horses. If the horses work and carry their heads quite alike, the coupling-reins will go in the same hole. But few horses are alike, and in the adjustment of the coupling-reins lies more than half the secret of making a pair work together. The traces, almost always, should be in the same holes.

Let me see how it is with Don and Peggy. If I remember rightly, Don arches his neck a little more than Peggy, and has, perhaps, a shorter one. This brings his bit nearer to you, and I should think that he would need his coupling-rein at least one hole shorter than Peggy's. We will start that way. You never can tell just how a new pair will work until after you have driven some distance. Let us get in and start. Perhaps each may be a trifle awkward at first, but they are both kind, and will work all right in half a mile.

Pick up the reins in the same way as for a single horse (Fig. 1), and take your whip in your hand, for one or other may not start just right. Now speak to them, and off they move as straight and steady as if they were used to it. In a little while we can tell how the reins work. We guessed pretty nearly right. But I think the ponies are perhaps a little too far apart. Suppose you get out and buckle back the coupling-reins one hole each. Now you see that they are about right in this particular. Don is a little excited, and unless he calms down pretty soon we shall have to take him up a hole more.

Here we come to a hill. Let them walk, and we shall see. Look at your whiffle-tree bar. You notice that Don's end is forward all the time. Now the ponies ought to work so that the bar is even. When we get to the top of the hill we will stop and take Don in. Peggy, you see, is working well up to the bit, but Don is still ahead. Take him in one hole more; or, if you like, let out Peggy one hole. This amounts to the same thing, except that it will spread them that much more. They are quite as close as they should be in a light team. I do not like horses to be harnessed very closely, except in a coach. And remember always

that Don's buckle is on Peggy's rein, and Peggy's on Don's.

As we start you see that the ponies are now working about right. They walk pretty evenly. This is the most important gait. Almost any horses can be made to trot fairly together, but it is rare that a pair will walk with slack rein so that each is drawing half the load. A pair of horses that can walk four and a half miles an hour, even if they cannot road more than eight, are a positive prize. Sometimes an otherwise good horse is a poor walker, and will let his mate do double work. The only way is to buckle one back, and to keep the other up to the bit by the whip. Two slugs are much to be preferred for comfort in driving to one slug and one ambitious horse. And you cannot manage your horses unless you make both work up to the bit. One of a pair poking along on a loose rein while the other is well up to the bit makes a sorry show.

You want to be careful about holding your reins. All that I told you about driving single applies to a pair. Don't let the ponies pull on you, nor yet leave the reins too slack. There is something in what we call style which is valuable. It generally means expertness. To

drive a pair of lively horses and appear quite at your ease is no mean accomplishment. There is a good deal in preparing the horses. One that has been suppled as if for the saddle, and that is driven on a light curb, is apt to be much more agreeable than one that takes a dead hold and plods on like a mule. Not that I recommend you to use the curb. Wait till you can drive well on the snaffle. It will be time enough then to begin. Mind, I am not speaking to you about trotters when I mention pulling on the curb. I refer only to the ordinary roadster. A good pair want to be up and about their business. Not that you need to drive them fast; but whether walking or going a seven or a twelve-mile gait, they want to be doing it all the time.

I presume that you will turn this corner to the right, and go round by the mill. As you approach it, gather up your reins, take plenty of room, and tap your nigh horse gently to make him step up a bit more briskly, for he has the outside and further to go. Never take a corner too fast, and unless you can see ahead, take it slowly, lest some one else should be coming round the other way. If it is a corner to the left, keep to the right side of the road. You are liable for damages if you are on the other side and anything happens.

A driving horse, to be safe, must know that he has a whip behind him, and what it means; else in an awkward place he may swerve or attempt to turn round. But you must be chary of using it. It is only for occasional application. After a horse gets used to being whipped, this all-essential aid loses its effect. You want the whip to be such a rarity that the horse will dread the least reminder of it. There is a certain lively way of holding and moving the reins which comes with practice, and which constantly shifts the bits in the mouths of the horses and keeps them cheerful, that does a good deal more than the habitual use of the whip. The whole science of driving a pair, apart from discretion as to gait, lies in keeping the horses evenly at work.

Here comes a carriage driving rapidly toward us. Just touch the right rein with the whip hand (Fig. 2). It needs no violent exertion if your horses' mouths are nice. The less apparent exertion, the more neatly you will drive. Turn out as much as the road allows you. You are entitled to half, but it is well to run no risks. Your team might shy at the critical moment, or the other might. Never drive close just to show how good a whip you are; that is a silly feat. With a pair, as a

rule, whatever your horses can go through, your carriage can. With one horse you must take more room. On a narrow country road you must be careful not to drive into the gutter, and it is always better to pull down to a walk than run the slightest risk of a smash or a turnover.

Hold your hands a trifle nearer your body. To extend the arms too much is bad form. And from time to time shift the reins, as I have explained to you, so as to keep each hand in the habit of coming to the other's assistance. The manner of holding the reins shown in Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4 I consider the best in driving double. The farmer's plan (Fig. 8), while good single, is not very effective in driving a pair.

Ahead of us is a load of wood drawn by oxen, which we must pass. Take it very carefully. The driver will not be able to turn out much for you, as we are going so rapidly. Watch to see that there is room enough on his left, and that the road is clear. As you are sitting where you can see your off wheels, you will not get too close. Watch your horses. They sometimes shy at oxen. There—that will do. If a carriage were coming toward you so as to reach this team at the same time as yourself, you should wait. The

other man is entitled to the road, unless there is plenty of room for both. And always turn out cheerfully for a faster team than your own to pass you. This is one of the necessary courtesies of the road.

And now a word about what we call style. Only the genuine article is style. The imitation is like a paste diamond. Style in driving does not consist in owning a fashionable "rig," but in handling it properly. The rig is well worth having; but if you cannot "tool" it well, you had much better drive a po'shay. If you will watch the most stylish men on the box, you will see that a great part of their so-called style is strictly first-class performance, and to this extent style is highly desirable. Many of the niceties of matching horses so that they will step together, or of training them to coach-work, you need care nothing for. But to handle a pair so as to get safety, distance, and speed out of them, without tiring them or you, is a great thing to learn. And only attention to the best rules and constant practice will teach it to you.

THE HORSE'S MOTIONS AS
REVEALED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

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MOST people know what the rhythm of a horse's feet sounds like; but no one before the publication of Dr. Stillman's book was ever able to detect what the most rapid action of a horse's feet looks like. To Gov. Leland Stanford, of California, belongs the honor of first solving the problem; and the results, most interesting in themselves, upset many of the art-ideas, as shown in equestrian delineations, of twenty centuries. A number of cameras were arranged and electrically operated under such conditions that a horse passing them at any pace would have one or more

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strides photographed twenty-four times at intervals of one horizontal foot. The pictures thus show every position of the legs and body during the stride with unerring accuracy; and the twenty-four successive silhouettes, placed on a single plate, give the clue to the mechanical action. Anatomical dissection completes the demonstration. Dr. Stillman has spread these results before the public, and analyzes the anatomy and mechanism of the horse so cleverly that the beautiful harmony of action in each gait is shown as perfectly as Mr. Corliss could explain his steam engine.

The run, for instance, is divided into five periods, during four of which the weight of the body is sustained and propelled by each foot successively, and during the fifth period the body is in the air. Merely to state this fact at once explains to any one who has ridden a thoroughbred in his great stride the peculiar 1-2-3-4-pause rhythm of his feet upon the ground. To understand just how the legs bear and further the weight of the body, requires study of the plates. Two or three things only can be mentioned. In the fifth period, during which all the feet are in the air, the horse has his legs closely assembled under him, the hind ones gathering to reach forward to the ground

first, the fore legs to be thrust out to do their work later. This clearly shows why we *see* the racer's legs under him, and not spread-eagle fashion, as in the racing-plates. The only approach to the spread position is when one fore and one hind foot are actually on the ground. Again, the final thrust of the body into the air, to enable the animal to gather, is not, as has been supposed, given by the hind legs, but by one of the fore legs. Percival's theory is that in the run the hind legs do the propelling, while the fore legs merely sustain the fore parts of the body: Stonehenge's theory is that the run is a succession of leaps. The tremendous propulsive power exerted by the fore legs has never been shown till now. In these plates the gathered positions of the run are the only ones which convey the impression of great speed and vigor. In the other positions, even after we accept them as true, earnest search fails to yield this idea, though a part of the difficulty is no doubt due to the warping of our minds from long acceptance of false artistic types. All gaits are successively illustrated in like manner as the run, and explained with great intelligence and clearness,—careful contrast being drawn between the gaits of the horse and those of the deer, hounds, bullocks, and even pigs.

Dr. Stillman is a little hard upon the artists: we feel like saying a word in their defence. That they have erred greatly in some things, particularly in representing the run—which has needed something quicker than the human eye to catch—is true; but that they have erred in all, is far from correct. Perhaps Dr. Stillman does not mean us to infer so much. In the attempt to convey the idea of a great pace they have forced the racer into an impossible position. But artists are not unteachable. They will doubtless soon change to correct drawing. The idea of the trot has been fairly caught by them; and that they have given us the correct view of the prancing horse is shown in several of the positions in Plate XLIV of “Phryne Unsettled.” On every one of the plates of the successive positions of the run and canter in Dr. Stillman’s book the horses on the frieze of the Parthenon can be traced; and in the trotting plates there will appear positions corresponding to the received idea of the “2:20” horse, though some of the old trotting pictures approach correctness nearer than the recent, and Rosa Bonheur comes nearest of all. There are some positions in which the animal dwells longer than others,—those presumably in which the muscles and tendons are not at their

greatest tension; and these are the views the eye catches while it fails to catch the more rapid ones. Some of the positions of the horse in action, when reduced to portraiture, are ungainly to a degree. While moving, the horse's limbs pass through these stages with rapidity. But fix them on paper, and you have an effect quite different. The artist is not bound to reproduce ugly lines when he can find graceful ones. We have all seen horses in whose action no one could detect an ungraceful movement. A series of photographs of such a horse would certainly show us the *coup d'œil* we delight to dwell upon. The horse Mohammed, whose action in a canter is far from handsome, still shows the successive positions which, with the high step of a proud charger, would give us the pleasure we speak of. Mohammed is a "daisy-cutter," as most high-bred horses are, and shows too little knee-action for a handsome parade gait; while the cantering horse on Plate LXVIII is painfully ugly. The one on Plate XCVIII is handsomer, and has his counterpart in many art works,—barring the rider, whose seat might be vastly improved. Some of the best of horses are not handsome in action; some of the worst are. But when beauty exists, why should the

artist not select it, rather than the no more natural ugly gait? In "Elaine trotting" we find Stonehenge's "true trot" to a hair. In some positions in every one of the trotting-plates we trace the familiar action of noted horses. In every one of the series there are positions pleasing to the eye, and others which offend it. Artists have generally selected types of the former. "Occident trotting" shows scarcely one handsome line, however powerful his stride. "Sharon single-footing" shows occasional fine "artistic" action. The positions in leaping, owing to the dwelling in the air, have been better caught; but not so the manner in which the horse stretches his hind legs in the rise, apparently to get the last ounce of power. While in the air, just before reaching *terra firma*, and just before gathering his hind legs under him to take the ground in support of the fore legs, the horse most nearly approaches the "spread-eagle." In the gallop at the obstacle, as elsewhere, artists have been quite at sea, but in the rise and in clearing it John Leech's admirable sketches are almost uniformly correct. It should be told, *en passant*, that John Leech tried, thirty years ago, to draw galloping horses as he had observed them, and with a shrewd guess at what Dr. Stillman now proves; but he was

hooted out of his attempt because he fell short of demonstration. What Leech could not do, Dr. Stillman has done, and thoroughly.

“The Horse in Motion” is issued in superb style. The anatomical plates are of great value. The paper and letter-press are such as a *livre de luxe* should boast. The numerous plates all show great care. There are, all told, some 1,200 pictures of moving horses.

THE RIDING CLUB.

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THE English have always been preëminent in all out-of-door sports. In every part of the world, wherever the Briton unfurls the Union-Jack and drinks the Queen's health, the games and sports which he "goes in for" at home are among the earliest habits to become domesticated. Even on the sunny slopes of Tennessee Rugby, the lank, inactive native wondered at the superabundant energies of lawn-tennis; cricket has invaded the Sandwich Islands, and fox-hunting has been made a favorite recreation among the villas and ruins surrounding the Italian cities. Indeed, the very language of every Continental nation has been Anglicized by a large vocabulary of sporting terms. Those sports which are the outcome of British love of horseflesh are the ones which have gained the most admirers among

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civilized communities; and so strong is English influence in the matter of equestrianism that the officers of most European armies are in part adopting the cross-country style, despite the fact that the two arts—military or *manége* riding and riding to hounds—are diametrically opposed to each other. It is absurd enough to see a mounted officer, not to speak of an orderly carrying dispatches, with dangling sabre and in full uniform, with his feet “home,” leaning over his horse’s withers and rising to a trot; yet one may daily witness this odd spectacle in France or Germany. For the military seat is the one which enables a man to use his weapon, and keep his horse with his one hand and two heels at all times collected and ready. It is a close seat of sheer necessity; while the hunting seat is the one which gives the horse the utmost liberty to use his powers and intelligence, and which caters to his endurance by taxing him the least. Each belongs in its place, and is best of its kind.

No doubt in this country the love of the horse was fully inherited from our English ancestors. In the South the expression of this fondness kept to the old form of saddle-work, owing, probably, to the always execrable roads. Until the early part of this century

the same was true of the North. Just why this superior kind of exercise disappeared in favor of trotting and driving it might be hard to say, except that improving roads enabled one horse to haul as many as four persons, whereas he could at most carry two; and that we have taken pleasure in perfecting our admirable means of locomotion when we had once originated it. Riding had become a lost art.

But the mother country has reconquered her revolted children, and if she cannot dictate to us in politics, she is managing to do so in social matters. If she cannot make our laws, she can at least impose on us her grooms, her tailors, and her cooks. Though, indeed, the dictation threatens to be modified by our beating our good cousins at their own games; for surely, in view of the fact that we are all but novices in most of the English sports, we have captured more than our fair share of honors, from the magnificent sports of yachting and racing, down to the humbler "one-man" running and bicycling. And it is noteworthy that not only is the Kentucky horse to-day probably the finest specimen of the thoroughbred in the world, but that the stiffest country over which any men hunt may be found on Long Island, or in Western New York and the vicinity of Philadelphia.

We can well afford to forgive our British friends many an ill turn for the sake of the healthful exercises they have taught us. Among these easily the first is equestrianism. And no doubt, for all civilian purposes, the English style is the best, and the one upon which those niceties of the art which add such a charm to the saddle may be most readily grafted. And we have taken the style up vigorously and done it justice. A little overdoing of the flattery of imitation has, to be sure, bred some Anglomaniacs among us; but the mania needs no asylum, and the genuine article is good of its kind. A dozen years ago, in Northern parks, one could hardly meet with a man in the saddle; a lady was a *rara avis* indeed. To-day it seems to be the aspiration of every one to bestride his steed, and wonderful are the diverse ailments which arise as excuses for the fashionable exercise.

In foreign cities there have always been fine riding-schools or *manéges*. But just such schools, though they are now many and good in New York, did not suffice for the needs of that class which always does things in the handsomest way. What was started but a short time ago among a few gentlemen who did not want to lose their exercise on rainy days, and who

sought improvement by riding in company, for which purpose they hired for a couple of afternoons a week the most available riding-school, has grown into one of the most delightful of associations, and perhaps the finest club of its kind in existence, as it is certainly unique. The peculiar charm of the Riding Club is that it is essentially a family gathering-place. The accommodations for the ladies and children are as ample and lavish as those for the men; and the boudoirs and baths on the ladies' side are fitted up with a view to luxury and comfort scarcely equalled by the smoking and card rooms for the sterner sex. A generously equipped restaurant adds to the completeness of the whole. The parlor, with its large windows facing the ring, is peculiarly well devised, and the architectural features of the building are as marked as its luxurious furnishings. The stables are large and perfectly kept. It is a pleasure to walk through the lines of stalls and observe all that can be done for the health and content of our equine friends.

But the main feature of the Riding Club is its beautiful ring, which has been admirably wrought into the scheme. It has scarcely a superior in any European city; few, indeed, equal it. Substantially square in

shape, it is yet large enough to afford distance for a hand-gallop or for jumping, and hurdles of all heights are ready at hand to be used by either the small boy who fears to tumble off his sheltie over two feet, or by the Meadow Brook Hunt Club man who wishes to test the quality of his new hunter over five. Here at times may be witnessed as pretty drill as a squadron of regular cavalry can display; or, again, the driving of tandem in the saddle—a distinctly clever and pretty performance. The timid horseman may get the bearings of his new steed before trusting himself to the bridle-paths of the Park, or the bolder equestrian may take the superfluous devil out of his high-strung thoroughbred mare before he faces the music of the street. And best of all, rain or shine is all alike in this well ventilated, lighted, and ample ring. Whatever the weather outside, one may here enjoy his daily ride untrammelled by the vagaries of the Signal Service, and with the added convenience of the Park, but a few squares away, if cloudless skies invite.

Take it for all in all, in the midst even of the gorgeousness of the New York clubs, the Riding Club, at least in the eyes of all who love the most intelligent and useful of the companions of man, stands preëm-

inent in contributing to our American health and enjoyment. It is to be hoped that this club will be the prototype of many others in all our largest cities. The fullest credit is due to its originators and officers, and the community will be indebted to its enterprise for the revival of thousands of glowing complexions and rounded limbs, and for the return of thousands of hearty appetites and elastic nerve centres.

THE HIMALAYA PONY AND
HAWAIIAN RIDERS.

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THE influence of Arabian blood has travelled mainly westward. All that we especially prize in Europe and America in the way of horseflesh owes its highest qualities to the steed of the desert, whose peculiar traits have been conserved and improved in the English thoroughbred. But Arabian blood has not penetrated much to the eastward. It is principally through the influence of Europeans that the race has made a slight impress on the horse of India, and beyond this peninsula only individuals have been transported. But there is in the far East a horse to take the place of the Arabian—the Himalaya pony—and he is as wonderful in his way as the best of Syrian stock. His origin is apparently in the foot-hills of the great

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range, but he has been brought down to the plains on either hand. You find him in India, where the natives use him, among other things, as a polo pony; you find him in China mixed with the native horse. But he is at his best when nearest to his mountain home.

The pony runs from the size of a small sheltie to about that of a common American bronco. But, unlike the latter, which is a small horse, he is a true pony, with big head, fine but bushy hair, and chunky build. He has exceptional strength and endurance, and even the small ones will pull a cab with several people in it. He is good-natured and intelligent, and not only performs all the duties that the ass does in the Orient proper, but is a capital mount besides. His legs and feet are made of iron. There is by no means the thoroughbred look about him which an equally small Arabian will have—his type is different; but he is built for wear, and on his native hills he would soon kill his nobler cousin.

The little Manipuri polo pony is one of this Himalaya breed—rather a small specimen. You would not believe that he could carry a good-sized man as easily as he does, but we are wont to underrate the strength of all the smaller animals. They can do pro-

portionately much more work than the larger ones. A Percheron weighing three-quarters of a ton can haul a big load, to be sure, but he could not go half the distance that a little bronco which weighs but a third of that amount handily covers, even if the latter should carry as heavy a man. We are apt to think that it needs a big horse to carry a big man or woman. Such a one certainly looks better fitted for his work, but a small cob or even a little knife-blade thoroughbred will often carry more weight safer and farther than the taller fellow. The Himalaya pony is a great weight-carrier, very much like the Shetland, and the little beggars will scurry over the polo-ground at a gait and with an ease which are surprising.

Polo in the Orient is a very ancient game. It was brought from there by the English, and, as we think, has been improved by our methods. This may be doubted so far as mere skill is concerned, but in speed and "go" our polo is away ahead of the game among the indolent sons of the Prophet.

I possess the picture of the young King of Nepaul on quite a typical Himalayan. The little sovereign is not yet out of leading-strings, but when he gets to be eighteen he succeeds to his throne, with the power of

life and death over all his subjects. Nepaul is one of the kingdoms of northeastern India over which Great Britain exercises only a species of protectorate. I have never seen the King of Nepaul, but I recently crossed the Pacific with a similar monarch, the Nawab of Rampur, who is travelling around the world as a preparation for assuming the government of his kingdom next year. He is a sensible, pleasant lad, and joined in all games on board the *Gallic* quite informally. He speaks excellent English, and appears to be fairly well informed for a youth of his years. I found that he talked very intelligently upon many topics. He liked to tell about his people, among whom are many of the ancient Rohillas, one of the finest tribes in India. No doubt H. H. the Nawab will be the better ruler for his trip. He was accompanied by his suite and by an English tutor; and an English army officer, who is British Resident at Rampur, had especial supervision of the Nawab. We shall soon see him in New York.

In China and the countries south of it you find that the best of the not very good horses bear the impress of the Himalaya blood, just as our horses do that of the Arabian. Despite this fact, the Chinese pony is a

pretty mean fellow, principally because the people are not good horsemen, and take no manner of care of him. When you go further north the Tartar or the Siberian horse is a Steppes runt of a different order, and vastly more serviceable.

In Hawaii there are two very peculiar horsemen. Fancy riding a bullock! And yet if you could see the beautiful little bullocks of India, as sleek and fine as Jersey heifers, with legs like a deer, and with soft plaintive eyes, and could see how rapidly they haul the little native carts, you would not despise such a mount on a pinch. The Hawaiian bullock is a coarse creature, really not fit for saddle-work; but in a land where there are no native horses, and where the roads are often only paths along the mountain-sides, impassable for wheels, any creature which can carry a pack or a man is worth having. And a bullock can usually be made to walk very rapidly and trot quite a respectable gait. What a sensation one could make with a fawn-colored saddle-bullock in Central Park! And how the horses would fly the track at sight of the intruder!

The other Hawaiian who interests us is the lady who rides man-fashion. This appears to be the uniform habit among both the native women and foreigners.

When the dress is awkwardly made and worn the style is lamentably ungainly; but I saw several young ladies there with trimly cut cloth suits who looked not only neatly as horsewomen, but rode well. The native women merely add to their every-day upper garments a pair of very wide overalls, twice as long as their legs, and made of calico of any common pattern. This rig is neither pretty nor commendable in any sense. But the trimly turned suits I saw seemed to be of the genus trouser rather than a divided skirt, cut not too loosely about the hips, and no longer than would make them naturally hang down to cover the foot about as much as the modern habit. They had a tailor-made look, and were fitted snugly enough not to drag upward nor look bunchy when the lady was in the saddle. They were as pleasing as the native suit is distressing.

It seems to be a task beyond any one's power to accomplish to introduce among women either the new reform dress or the man's seat in the saddle. Is it Dame Fashion who stands athwart the path of these questionable improvements? Or is it that women have the idea that men will not like too much poaching on their sartorial manor? Surely imitation of

men's attire has gone as far of late years as it well can and retain the woman's special attributes. I have always resented the extremes of fashion; and I have been an advocate of a woman's occasionally changing from right to left side in the saddle, so as to equalize the use of the muscles, but I am not quite sure that I approve of the *fin de siècle* tendency away from the womanliness we were brought up to know either in dress or equitation. I think men admire and love women because they possess certain qualities that men can never aspire to. People are apt to like or want just what they themselves are not or have not got. I doubt whether women who are too manly often gain that peculiar admiration from men which their somewhat less-pronounced sisters so readily capture. *Cam-araderie* is an excellent thing in woman, according to the modern idea; but the great character reader of all time said that it was a low soft voice which deserved that encomium, and if we construe "a low soft voice" in its broader meaning, I think we shall all agree to prefer it to the mere comradeship, even if this does include knickerbockers in the street and a man's seat in the saddle.

LONG-DISTANCE RIDING.

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MANY years ago Dr. Brown-Sequard, in a lecture to a Harvard class, was illustrating how instantaneously death followed any lesion to brain tissue or spinal marrow. "I insert my probe between the vertebræ of this rabbit," said he, taking up a specimen which was nibbling at a cabbage on the table before him, "and you see that it at once expires." The Doctor's remark was followed by a general titter through the class, for, though he had duly suited his action to his words, when he laid it down the rabbit went as calmly at the cabbage again as if not in the slightest degree inconvenienced. This singular fact and other similar ones which he later noticed here, but had never observed among European animals, led Dr. Brown-Sequard, after careful tests, to enunciate the

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theory that the mammal of North America has more vitality than that of Europe. This theory is supported by many facts and was fairly proven sound by the numerous cases of recovery from extraordinary capital operations during our civil war. It has now been accepted by all who have studied the subject. The word "vitality," thus used, we understand to mean the ability to perform exceptional physical feats or to endure excessive hardship without death or material injury.

The late ride of some seven-score army officers between Berlin and Vienna has two interesting aspects—the amount of endurance of the animals ridden and the judgment of the riders as to the capacity of their horses to perform. How these two items compare with what our cavalry is daily experiencing on the plains is a fruitful subject of inquiry.

As the crow flies, it is 325 English miles from Berlin to Vienna. By the road it is variously called 350 to 370; it is certainly short of the latter distance. Count Stahremberg, the winner, covered the distance from Vienna to Berlin (which, owing to the mountainous section being crossed in the early part of the ride, is easier than the course from Berlin to Vienna) in

some minutes less than three days. Three other men came in within three days and three hours. The best German rider, Lieut. Reitzenstein, took a trifle over $73\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This sounds like a set of wonderful performances; are they really so?

The race was go-as-you-please. The riders started from Vienna or Berlin at different hours and rode at any gait or speed and by any road they chose. The horses were the very best; no one not owning a horse noted for unusual endurance would have been fool enough to enter. There were many thoroughbreds, many "native" horses, Prussians and Hungarians, some "ponies" from the Carpathian and Transylvanian uplands. The animals had all been prepared by weeks of careful training. They carried the least possible weight; the winner e. g. rides but 128 pounds plus saddle and bridle. The roads were the very best. Under these most favorable conditions the winner rode 120 miles a day for three consecutive days, the others less.

There has been a disposition among Anglo-Saxons to underrate this performance. The large number of horses killed or foundered with good right distresses our sense of pure sport. But for all that it was a

famous ride, though open to serious criticism. Any horse ridden 125 miles in twenty-four hours performs a great feat; one ridden 200 miles in forty-eight hours, a greater; to ride 350 miles in three days or a bit over is little short of marvellous, if you bring the horse in free from permanent injury. But there's the rub, and it is on this point that there is a word to say.

Comparisons may be "odorous," but they are interesting and useful. Few people out of the Army know just what our cavalry is capable of, and this ride affords an opportunity, not to be lightly neglected, to point a moral and adorn a tale.

The nearest approach to the Stahremberg ride by an American which I can at the moment recall is that of the pony which Col. Richard I. Dodge personally knew. His owner was a professional express rider who carried the mail from El Paso to Chihuahua, thither once a week and back the next. As the country was infested by Apaches, the man had to ride by night and hide by day. His practice was to ride the distance, 300 miles, in three consecutive nights, and rest his pony four days between trips. "Six months of this work had not diminished the fire or flesh of that wonderful pony," says Colonel Dodge. It is true

that 300 miles is not 350, but this pony—probably not over fourteen hands, and with rider, mail and the usual plains trappings, carrying at lowest 200 pounds, used to make the 300 miles in some sixty hours (*i. e.*, three nights and the intervening two days)—an equal average rate of speed as that of Stahremberg and a much higher rate while going, and no one pretends that the Count or any other of the Berlin-Vienna riders could have turned round and done the same thing over again the succeeding week; whereas this little marvel kept on doing it every week for six months, and no one knows how much longer, over a country having no roads deserving the name, by night and feeding only on bunch-grass. Which of the two is the better performance? This cannot, perhaps, be equalled, but to ride and repeat nearly as great distances has never been and is not to-day considered an exceptional thing on the plains.

And if this pony outdid the winner of the great German race, by how far does he outrank the losers? The horse ridden by Count Stahremberg was brought in in fairly good condition, but died within a day or two. The horse of the German winner died. A very high percentage of the others either died or broke down

midway and were ridden home moribund or ruined. They were kept up, *on dit*, by all kinds of stimulants and nostrums on the road. No accounts have reached us yet showing the condition of the horses' backs under the saddle, always a prime proof of careful or unintelligent treatment. In fact the number of dead or ruined animals seems to be purposely suppressed. That it was the ponies which came in with the least injury will not surprise our Army men. While a thoroughbred may outpace a pony, a ride which will kill him will not permanently disable the little runt of the prairie. The latter's ancestry has had to struggle with too much hardship to be easily killed, while the thoroughbred's has been warmly housed and artificially handled. His heritage is to do and endure; the thoroughbred's to make pace.

A few individual rides in our Cavalry may not come amiss. In 1879 several single couriers with the news of his imminent danger rode from Thornburg's "rat-hole" to Gen. Merritt's column, 170 miles, in less than 24 hours. The exact time of each was not taken. Rescue was more important than records. In 1891 two troopers of the 8th Cav., rode with dispatches 110 miles in 20 hours; and Capt. Fountain rode 84 miles

in eight hours, and 110 miles in 23. Rides of from 120 to 150 miles have repeatedly been made, within the day and night, by our ordinary troop-horses when not specially prepared for the work, and it is extremely rare that they have suffered serious injury.

There are few three-day rides by single horsemen which can readily be quoted; but other performances may be given, which are akin to this one. We put aside all mere hearsay rides. Of these there is no end, but it is well to put on record only such rides as are proven by official reports, and of which the distances can be measured by clear evidence.

Now, one man or horse travelling alone can go much further or faster than several travelling together, and the more the individuals the slower the speed. The speed and endurance of a troop is that of the poorest horse. Extra weight infinitely adds to a horse's task and diminishes his course, and his capacity to go depends upon the chance to feed, water and care for him suitably on the road. It is in marching detachments over great distances that our cavalry officers show peculiar success. Perhaps a knowledge of pace and the instinctive feel of the horse's condition is the highest grade of horsemanship. Civilians are wont to

think that to play polo, or hunt, or win a race over the flat, or perform High School airs demand the highest skill; but let any one undertake to ride a horse, or better to lead a troop 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and despite all he may have learned in peaceful sports, he will find his knowledge of this branch of horsemanship distinctly limited. Not all our cavalry officers are equally gifted, but some have made rides which are unsurpassed.

It must be remembered that our cavalry horse is *ab origine* a very common fellow. He is bought by the Government at a price which brings out mainly those animals which are not quite good enough to command the top of the market and warrant their being sent to a distance for sale. They go out to the plains, and are there got into condition while at work. They are not, as abroad, raised in studs boasting sires of the highest lineage. On the march the troop-horse carries very little less than 250 pounds—88 pounds for equipment and baggage and not much less than 160 for the rider. In camp he is well fed; on the march he cannot always be, and he is watered at irregular intervals. All these things tell against him.

In 1873, Col. Mackenzie rode his command into

Mexico after Lapan and Kickapoo Indians, beat them in a sharp fight and returned across the border, making 145 miles in twenty-eight hours. In 1874, he again rode his command into Mexico after horse thieves, making there and back, 85 miles in fifteen hours. In 1880, Capt. Wood with eight men rode after an orderly sergeant who had decamped with the company fund, 140 miles in thirty-one hours. Men and horses were taken from the roster, not specially selected. Not a horse was injured. Five men with despatches rode from Fort Harney to Fort Warren, 140 miles, in twenty-two hours, and so little used up were their horses that they went back to Fort Harney in two days. In 1879, Captain Dodge, with his troop, rode 80 miles in sixteen hours, and Lieut. Wood, with his troop, rode 70 miles in twelve hours; Capt. Fechet, with two troops, rode 85 miles in fourteen hours; Col. Henry, with four troops, rode 108 miles in thirty-three hours, being in the saddle twenty-two hours. One horse dropped dead at the end of the march, but there was not a sore backed horse in the regiment and they started out again after a rest of twenty-four hours. The same command made a night march of 50 miles in ten hours.

Gen. Merritt in 1879, with four troops and hampered by a battalion of infantry in wagons, rode 170 miles to the relief of Payne in $66\frac{1}{2}$ hours and reached the scene in prime order and ready to go into a fight. Very long distances have been covered by cavalry regiments at the rate of 60 miles a day. Col. Henry, an expert on this subject, speaking of hardening the men and horses of a command by a month's drills of from 15 to 20 miles at rapid gaits, aptly says: "A cavalry command thus hardened and with increased feeds ought to be able to make 50 to 60 miles a day as long as required, and to such a command 100 miles in twenty-four hours ought to be easy. The horse, like the athlete, needs training, and when this is done his endurance is limited only by that of his rider."

These are but a few instances which any of our cavalry officers can duplicate from their own knowledge. Now, if we take the conditions under which these rides have been made—a common-bred native troop horse, not always kept hard and ready for work, the exceptional weight carried, for all but the courier work was done with full equipment; the fact that most of the course was over country without roads, or only trails, which are the merest apology for roads, and often

hilly and badly cut up; that the pace must be made for the slowest horses and be such that weak factors in the troop shall be respected; that the incentive was \$13 a month and simple duty, and not a splendid money prize of \$5,000 and the commendation of emperors, and above all that the commands have uniformly been brought in without injury to man or beast, we shall find matter for justifiable self-gratulation.

The writer has from youth been reasonably familiar with the performances of European cavalry, and has studied the Arabian horse in the French army in Algiers and in his native haunts on the Libyan and Syrian deserts. He has sought assiduously for records of great performances, but exceptional work is only called out by exceptional needs, and these abroad are apt to be wanting. Granted that the German cavalry, for example, is marvellously drilled; that it has the stomach to fight has been a notorious fact ever since the days of Ziethen and Seydlitz. Granted, that it can perform precise evolutions or charge on the battlefield in masses greater than our entire cavalry force; yet this by no means reaches the heart of distance riding. Such a thing as the "raider and pursuer" drills, which

General Miles started in 1877, by which, as a mere matter of hardening man and horse, groups of twenty men or more rode between 120 and 140 miles in from forty to fifty hours, would never be dreamed of in Germany. All our work on the plains tends to distance riding. In no other regular army in the world does this obtain. The Austro-Hungarian cavalry is better fitted than the German for distance riding and has, as a pattern, the steppes man and horse, unexcelled in this very thing. In Algeria, while the horse of the 19th Corps d'Armée is all mounted on Arabians, there is apt to be no call for excessive marches, and there is no preparation for them. The Spahis, or light cavalymen of native birth, are in constant movement all over the country, but they have the true Oriental trick of not overworking themselves. And so far as wonderful individual distance rides are concerned, I have been unable to pin down a single such ride to reliable evidence. An Arab sheik out in the desert who owns a high-bred mare will tell you of marvellous performances, but they are as nebulous as his own Thousand and One Nights. I once sought to purchase some speed—a drive of 80 miles over the excellent turnpike from Soussa to Tunis—in order

to catch a steamer; but though the owner of some really fine Arabians had been telling about the 300 kilometres (186 miles) a day they could do, no amount of money could induce him to agree to take me over the course of 80 miles with four horses and a light vehicle, in less than 20 hours.

It used to be asserted that the Turcoman cavalry could ride in large bodies 100 miles a day for a week or even more; but, though all the steppes horses of the world, like our broncos, are incomparable stayers on their own terrain, this distance must be cut down by a large percentage. I have an ancient school friend, now a Pacha and chief of the 40,000 Kurdish cavalry of the Turkish Empire, who, though absolutely familiar with the subject, was unwilling to vouch for such a statement. The Kurdish is practically the same as the Turcoman horse. In talking it over, this gentleman cited one of his own distance rides, 1,500 kilometres in 45 days, as a great performance, which he thought established the reputation of the horse of Asia Minor, beyond cavil. But this is only 33 miles a day. It was unnecessary to argue the matter, as it would not have elicited more accurate statistics.

After all said, the palm for distance riding must be awarded to our own cavalry officers. Taking all the conditions into account, there are probably no civilized horsemen who can ride so far with a body of men and bring them to the end of their journey in as clean a condition as the best of our officers on the plains. The talent to do this is by no means universal; but it is wide-spread. And though we may marvel at the recent 350 miles ridden in from 72 to 80 hours by the most expert foreign horsemen on their picked horses, the record of dead and foundered steeds leads us to believe that we could have done as well and saved our horses.

This brings us again to the question of the endurance of the American mammal. Except the ass, there is perhaps no creature of the equine race as stubbornly enduring as the bronco and his cousins in other lands. This is largely due to the American climate. The record of running and trotting time in America tends to prove the same thing; and our athletic record, considering how recently born our athletics are, is of high grade. The fact that the common States horse can be taken and, after short training, made to do such marvels of distance

work, not only proves the intelligence of our officers, but sustains the claim of superior vitality in the horse.

FENCING.

FENCING.*

I.

MANY generations ago reading and writing were not usual among average gentlefolks. Indeed, these accomplishments were as a rule possessed, even in noble families, only by a sort of upper servant, called a clerk. Many of the priesthood could not read or write, but committed to memory the prayers they pretended to read out of their books at mass or vespers. The great men of the state were educated somewhat as we are, or rather those nobles who chose to become educated were apt to rise to eminence; but what we should now call shameful ignorance was no disgrace even among the highest. A wise man of the feudal age once said that the education of a noble

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youth should be "to ride and fence and speak the truth." And this was a shrewd saying. To ride and fence made a young man vigorous and apt for war, which was then the chief business of the noble born. And to speak *and act* the truth has always been and will always be the highest result of all education.

I have told you something about riding. May I spin you a yarn about fencing? We shall then have completed this ancient education, for every one of you, I am sure, speaks and acts the truth at all times.

The original savage probably threw stones in defence as well as in attack. Next to him came the man with the club more or less expertly fashioned from the limb of a tree. By-and-by the savage inserted in this club one or more pieces of flint or shark's teeth, and struck at his foe with the jagged edge thus made. When metals were discovered, the club, after many changes, became a sword, clumsy and easily dulled, but still better than anything made of wood. For thousands of years fencing, as we understand it to-day, was never dreamed of. The sword was only the medium of attack, and was always accompanied by a shield for fending off the opponent's blows. Many nations of

antiquity were no doubt wonderful swordsmen. No doubt the trained gladiators of the Roman arena were extraordinary in skill, endurance, and courage. The Roman legions conquered the world by the use of their short double-edged gladius, which could lop off an arm at a blow. The knights of the Middle Ages used to carve their way through armies with their huge two-handed swords. But the Roman soldier had a shield, and the knight had not only a shield but armor besides. By-the-way, these same old knights in battle were very much like small boys slaughtering a hostile array of mullen stalks. They were armed cap-a-pie with steel, which none of the missiles or weapons of the unarmored peasants, who formed the bulk of the foemen, could pierce. They were safe, except from other knights, and comparatively so from these. Their only real danger was from being unhorsed. Once on the ground, they were so heavily laden with armor that they could scarcely rise, and then they often became the prey of the common soldiers, who were able to pierce through the armor joints. And serve them right!

Now the fencing I shall tell you about is what Sir Walter Scott speaks of in the blood-stirring combat

between the heroes of the "Lady of the Lake":

"Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield."

Curiously, it is only within a couple of hundred years that the use of a single weapon has been reduced to such an art as to be equal in attack and defence. So long as armor was worn, it was strength and endurance only which won. A hundred blows more or less were not apt to do much harm; but just as soon as gunpowder made armor useless, people began to find swordsmanship a necessary accomplishment. After this it took many generations to come down to the simple and perfect weapon of to-day—the small-sword, as the light, straight, three-cornered weapon is called, of which the foil is the equivalent for practice.

There is one thing which horsemanship and swordsmanship have in common—the less mere physical force it takes to produce a proper result, the more the skill. Now both arts require a certain amount of strength, activity, endurance, and courage, but not so much that a man may not retain the utmost skill as

horseman or fencer up to the end of his life. Angelo, the noted swordsman and rider, gave lessons in both arts in London up to a few days of his death at over eighty years of age. What is lost in activity is gained in experience, eye, and hand. And this is what makes fine horsemanship and fencing such admirable accomplishments—so far beyond those sports which need the elasticity and muscle of youth, and must necessarily be dropped as age comes on us.

It is curious but true that to-day, when the use of the sword, even among soldiers, is practically nothing, the theory and practice of fencing are much more perfect than they have ever been. The earliest use of swords was to cut; thrusting was the province of spears and darts. Later, swords were used both to cut and thrust. To-day the fencing weapon only thrusts. The cavalry soldier still cuts, and occasionally thrusts. The German student, in his picturesque and disfiguring but otherwise harmless duels, cuts exclusively. The small-swordsman thrusts: the thrust is by far the more deadly. A man may have a dozen slashes and be none the worse, but a small-sword wound through any part of the body is a questionable matter, so that, were duelling not happily now a thing

of the past, the present skill in fence would be highly dangerous, vastly more so than the use of pistols. I do not mean to say that there are as many skilful fencers to-day as there used to be. There is not probably one man who can handle a sword for a thousand who could do so when our great-grandfathers wore ruffles. But an expert fencer to-day is infinitely more skilful than an equally expert fencer was two hundred years ago.

When fencing first began to emerge from the brutal slashing of armor days, it long remained usual to have a shield on the left arm, and later a smaller one on the left hand to ward off the cuts and thrusts of the opponent. In some countries this shield was sometimes replaced by the cloak, the hanging folds of which might save one quite a serious wound. A dagger in the left hand was likewise common, and fencers were skilful in parrying with this weapon while they countered with the rapier. For many years the left hand was employed in pushing aside thrusts, and sometimes in seizing the enemy's weapon at the hilt, and thus disarming him.

It is barely a hundred years that our present system of using the small-sword has obtained. To-day a

fencer employs but one arm—usually the right—for the sword; this suffices for both attack and defence.



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GIRARD THIBAUST,
A NOTED SWORDSMAN.
(*Seventeenth Century.*)

The other arm is a counterbalance, useful only in aiding the perfect poise of the body and quick recovery after longes. And as such it is vastly of more use than it ever was before. The position of the body is theoretically perfect; the longes are rapid and far-reaching; the recovery is quick; a parry of the most violent thrust is made without any expenditure of strength; and the manner of reposting—or thrusting back after a parry—is admirable; the entire theory of fencing is self-consistent and universally the same.

In olden times fencing was much after a rule of thumb. Every master had certain tricks of his own, in which he had himself become very apt, which he endeavored to teach his pupils, and for the secret of which he often charged huge prices. The position of the body was by no means as good as now. The thrust was made by only an inclination of the body or slight step, not a longe forward. The blade was not used to

parry with, except in a very limited manner. Thrusts were more apt to be avoided by side or back steps (voltes or passes), or by movements of the body, than by parries. The science, if such it can be called, was so much mixed up with theories, geometrical and physical, that the practical part of it almost disappeared in a mass of nonsense as little like useful fencing as the the ancient astrology was like the astronomy of our days.

Skill in fencing in the early days in every country of Europe was wont to be the province of bullies rather than the accomplishment of gentlemen. The knights in armor were not obliged to learn the art of defence, but to protect themselves from these same knights the common soldiers were. Hence, when the knight was driven out by gunpowder, for of course his armor could not resist bullets or cannon balls, the art of fencing was best known among a lower class of men, who were apt to become what used to be called "swash-bucklers," or bullies. This was so much so, that in the fourteenth century

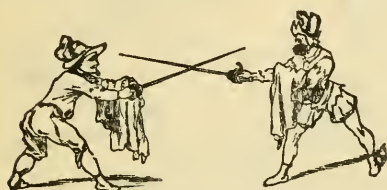


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SWORD AND HAND-BUCKLER.
(Fourteenth Century.)

there was an act passed by the English Parliament forbidding "Eskirmer au Bokeler" (fencing with shields) to be taught or practised.

The Italians were the earliest to acquire skill in fencing, and to write treatises on the subject. One very celebrated fencer, Agrippa, published a book, the draw-



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SWORD AND CLOAK.
(*Seventeenth Century.*)

ings for the plates of which were made by his friend, the great Michael Angelo. The Spaniards had a few great masters of the art, but their style was not much fol-

lowed elsewhere. The Germans were celebrated for great skill and strength. The French took pattern by the Italians, and later developed the art to a considerable extent, doing more to reduce it to the present form than any other nation.

In England there was among the people always a strong feeling in favor of the stouter blows of the back-sword, and a tendency to despise the more delicate management of the rapier—a straight cut-and-thrust weapon antedating the small-sword—though the upper classes used to learn the foreign art. Rough-

and-tumble fighting has always been more in favor in England than on the Continent, and the true Englishman preferred boxing and single-stick and back-swording, in which the blows sounded more severe, if actually less dangerous. Single-stick "for a broken head or a bellyful" was a popular sport, and bloody stage

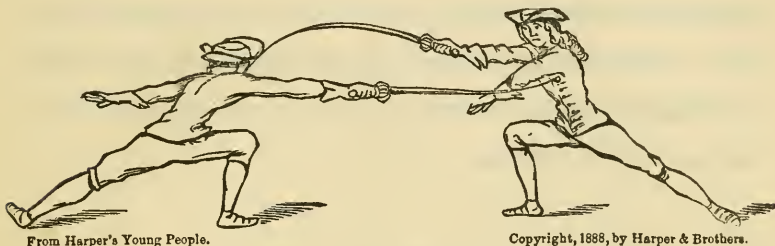


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SPANISH POSITION. (*Sixteenth Century.*)

shows were held for gate money. One "Master of the Noble Science of Defence" would challenge another to fight on a given day with several weapons—"back-sword, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, single falchion, case of (two) falchions, and quarter-staff." The other would accept it, "desiring sharp swords and from him no favor." Such contests usually resulted in severe wounds, if not more, and were much the fashion until forbidden by law. The back-sword was a heavy cutting sword, in the use of which the combatants stood close up to each other, raising the left elbow to fend off blows from that side, and gave and took lustily. It is the origin of the single-stick

of to-day. Back-swording with sticks naturally followed the prohibited metal blades, and a "broken head" *i. e.* cut on the scalp was the sign of victory.



PARRY WITH LEFT HAND. (*Seventeenth Century.*)

But later on in England the small-sword came into fashion, though the common people stuck to the old sports, and the art during the past hundred years has been well developed there.

England was the first European country to abolish dueling, and fencing remained an art for exercise and for the sake of the art itself. In the beginning of this century the art, perhaps, flourished in



RAPIER AND DAGGER.
(1610.)

England as much as in any country; and in America, among a certain class, to a somewhat less extent. Fencing will al-

ways retain a high place among sports and as an accomplishment. It may sometimes be crowded out by other sports whose novelty makes the fashion. But as the craze for the banjo cannot for more than a short time displace the beauty and usefulness of the violin, so will fencing never cease as one of the most athletic and artistic of sports.

II.

WHEN that eminent educator Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, had taught a pupil to spell “w-i-n-

d-e-r, winder,”

he at once sent

him out to wash

the “winders”

as a practical

means of fasten-

ing the word in

his mind. Now

no one can learn



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FIG. 1.—PREPARE !



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FIG. 2.—DRAW !

the use of the foils, so that the art will remain with

him, unless he learns it thoroughly. The foundation-stones of every building must be the most carefully laid. Many of you have learned the piano. It did not take many minutes for your teacher to show you how to play so apparently simple a thing as the scale of C; but how many long hours it took you to make your obstinate, stiff, conceited fingers glide in strong



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FIG. 3.—Two!

true rhythm over the keys! If any one of you is learning the violin, he will have noticed how simple it seems to draw the bow across the strings. But how dif-

ficult it is to play a



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FIG. 4.—THREE!

single true long note! And the simple notes *must* be



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FIG. 5.—GUARD!



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FIG. 6.—Two!

learned. So with fencing. The simple positions and thrusts and parries *must be perfect*, or the art will never be truly acquired. I have fenced with men who rarely thrust anything but quarte and tierce, who made no use at all of the more intricate thrusts, but who by constant practice had be-



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FIG. 7.—THREE!

come so well poised, so rapid in longeing, and so expert in these elements, that they were much more dangerous opponents than those who preferred fancy work. Of course a man should learn everything; but if he can parry well, and thrust quarte and tierce with a perfect longe and recover, he is no "duffer." Now if you really want to learn to fence, Dick, you must first of all *practise* the position of "on guard." Carefully study the illustrations. The weight should be on the left leg, and the right foot not more than ten inches in advance of the left heel, for a boy, unless he is very tall. In this position you must be able to hold up your right foot, the entire weight being perfectly balanced on the left leg. You might do as I used when I was of your age, and was learning under old

Captain Chiasso. So soon as I had hopped into my under-clothing—particularly on a cold winter's morning, when the blood needed to be sent whirling along



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FIG. 8.

through the arteries before I liked to tackle the ice-cold water—I used to stand in front

of my looking-glass (not for vanity's sake, but to have a critic) and rehearse the positions, and lunge and recover without foil, but calling the instructor's word of command, and sharply reproving any errors in what I did. In about five minutes I was as warm as toast, and all ready for my tubbing. A



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FIG. 9.—THRUST !

celebrated French rider once said that "equitation needed a great deal of reflection, especially from a mirror," and he had one side of his *manège* covered with a huge set of plate-glass mirrors, in which he could see and correct his attitudes. It is certainly true that one must, both in riding and fencing, either have an instructor or critic near by, or their equiva-

lent, to save one's self from falling into many bad habits, easy to prevent but almost impossible to cure.

Now let us suppose that you want to practise the "on guard." This is the one position to which you continually return, and it is the corner-stone of all good fencing. You will fall into it best by successive movements from a standing position. You may think this a tiresome preliminary, Dick; but if you want to become as expert as Jean Louis, who killed



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FIG. 10.—LONGE!

swordsmen
with scarcely
a rest between
the duels, or,
in fact, if you
wish to be-



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FIG. 11.

come at all expert, *you must do just this*. I will suppose you to be standing erect before your instructor—the looking-glass—a wand, or the foil if you like, hanging easily in the left hand. Now call the times and motions yourself. "Prepare!" At this you will half face to the left, your left foot parallel to the glass, your right heel against the left and pointing straight forward (Fig. 1). This right angle, however much the

feet are separated in the act of fencing, must always be maintained. "Draw!" Salute your supposed adversary—let us imagine it is friend Tom instead of your own reflection—by extending the right arm forward toward him with a graceful curve, palm up (Fig. 2). "Two!" Bring the right hand, by a curved motion, to the hilt of the foil, while lifting it slightly with the left (Fig. 3). "Three!" Raise both hands above the head, sliding the left hand along to the point of the foil, the foil horizontal in a line from front to rear (Fig. 4). "Guard!" Lower the foil to position shown in Fig. 5, which study carefully. From the elbow, which is held about six inches from the waist, to the point of the foil is a straight line, and the tip is about the height of your chin. "Two!" Bend the knees, dropping easily down, the body and head erect (Fig. 6). "Three!" Step forward about ten or twelve inches, the right shin perpendicular (Fig. 7). Now you are "on guard," ready for all comers—when you know how to fence. To complete this guard you must be careful to lightly but firmly hold the foil as shown in Fig. 8. Not a finger ever changes. You cannot make yourself too perfect in these motions. You may as well practise thus falling "on guard"

as any other exercise to warm your blood in the morning.

When "on guard," to satisfy yourself that your position is right, and that your weight is well sustained by the left leg, you may make an "attack" or a "double attack." These consist simply of a single stamp or quick double stamp with the right foot. They have no particular use. They are the relic of a primitive style of fencing, and, like the Chinese gongs in battle, were intended to frighten or mislead the adversary by a show of vigor. Years ago all thrusts used to be preceded by an "attack." It now only assures you that your position "on guard" is easy and balanced. When you have gone through these exercises by command so many times that you are at home in them, you may execute the whole thing without command. But do it rhythmically and accurately; and it will be well to come back often to the commands. If you have some companion to do all this with you, each can criticise and give the command for the other.

The next thing to practise is the advance and retreat, which are made from the position of guard. To advance, you step forward, slightly only, with the right foot, and quickly follow up with the left. At

first only take one step at a time, and "attack" between, to be sure you are firm in place. To retreat, you step back with the left foot and follow with the right. Be sure your advance and retreat do not disturb your position. Formerly fencers made "passes" and "voltes," and either foot might be in advance or sidewise. Nowadays the position given is never altered.

We will now learn something which will seem much more like fencing to you—the thrust and longe. At the command, "Thrust!" extend your sword arm sharply to the front, nails up, with the arm and sword in one straight horizontal line from the shoulder, firmly keeping your position meanwhile (Fig. 9). At the word "Guard!" you return your arm to the position of guard (Fig. 7). Now then, "Thrust!" "Guard!" "Thrust!" "Guard!" Again, "Thrust!" and at the word, "Longe!" straighten the left knee, but without disturbing the left foot, and step smartly out with your right foot in line about twelve or fifteen inches, dropping the left arm as you do so (Fig. 10). Dwell in this position a few seconds, if you can. You will be mighty unsteady to begin with, and your foil will weigh a ton; but you must strengthen the muscles

used in this longe. Straighten the arm and knee together; longe and drop the left arm together, and hold position of feet. Now, "Recover!" and by a springing push of the right foot, a downward bend of the left knee, and the toss up of the left arm, all together, you will find that you naturally drop back to the guard. Repeat this again and again. These are the looking-glass exercises, which you cannot practise too much or criticise too carefully. And as a pianist plays his scales daily to make his fingers limber, so must a fencer constantly recur to the simple but all-important movements of the guard, the advance and retreat, the longe, and the recover.

When you have become perfect in these exercises so that you instinctively do them properly, you may practise longeing at a mark on the wall. The position of the hand with the nails uppermost is quarte, and as you longe, let your arm be perfectly straight, but as your foil tip strikes the mark (or probably somewhere near it, or maybe not so very near it either), raise your hand very slightly toward the left so that the foil will bend well upward, and that you can see its point to the right of your hand. Dwell at the end of the longe, to be sure that your left leg is straight, that your left

foot has not moved, that your right foot is at right angles to and in line with it, and to strengthen your muscles. It is well to longe in quarte until you are perfect in it. Then you may longe in tierce, which, as you already know, is a position similar, but with the foil held nails downward. In longeing tierce, raise your hand very slightly to the right so that the foil will bend upward, and you can see your tip to the left of your hand.

We will now assume that you and Tom have gone through these exercises long enough not to get flurried and forget what you are about when you face each other. You have each a mask, jacket, and glove. Your tennis shoes will be just what you want to fence in. Never, under any circumstances, fence without mask and jacket. With them, you are perfectly safe; without them, accidents *may* happen. Foils will often break, and even the thud of a foil may give quite a bruise.

Now stand up in front of each other, so that if your arms be extended when standing, as in Fig. 5, your foil tips will touch each other's hilts, which is about "longeing distance"—foils in quarte on the right or *inner* side of your adversary's blade. Look each other

straight in the eye. You must by no means indulge in loose play, for until you are perfect in the details nothing will spoil what you have learned so quickly. Each must be the other's target for a while. Touch blades about the middle with a slight feel, but not a pressure requiring much strength. The hilt half of your foil is called the *forte* (strong); the tip half the *foible* (weak). Now, Dick, you see that if you longe straight at Tom's breast before he can parry, meanwhile bending your wrist very slightly to the left, as you did when longeing at the wall—this is what is called "opposition"—you will not only reach his breast, but push his blade out of the line of your own body. Do this slowly, and you will see; thus your thrust has been both attack and defence. But if you, Tom, are quick enough to see what Dick is about, and move the point of your foil by a simple turn of the wrist over toward your left and forward, nails still up (Fig. 11), Dick's blade will glide harmlessly past you, for the *forte* of your blade opposed the *foible* of his. This longe by Dick is in *quarte*, and yours is a parry of *quarte*. Suppose you, Dick, make a dozen such longes at Tom. At first, Tom, let him prod you three or four times. So! Not too fast. Exactness before

speed. And dwell at the end of the longe to test your accuracy. Next, you, Tom, will parry. See how easy it is! Now, Tom will longe in his turn; and do you, Dick, after standing a few prods, parry in the same manner. When you have acquired the proper motion, try to longe quicker and quicker, and yet quicker, and to recover immediately. Try to parry with the smallest motion which will turn aside the longeing blade. The smaller the motion the less force it needs, and the cleaner the work. Good!

I want you, boys, to study, understand, and do just what I have told you, *and nothing more*, for the present. And if you will practise this assiduously, you will become quite expert at it before we meet again.



III.

Now, boys, I have no doubt that since my last article you have been hard at work. I shall assume that your guard is accurate, and that you can longe and parry quarte with rapidity and steadiness. Fall on

guard. You will notice that a man's foil divides his body by a perpendicular line into two halves, as it were. The quarte half is the "inner line" of engagement or attack; the "outer line" is called tierce. Instead of quarte, suppose we engage in tierce, foils on the left of each other in precisely the same fashion, except that your nails will be down instead of up. In all defences the palm of the hand is toward the opposing foil. Now, Dick, you have already longed tierce at the wall, and can do so at Tom's breast, with the same precautions to insure accuracy. You, Tom, will see that if you turn your wrist sidewise, and move



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FIG. 1.

your point to the right slightly (Fig. 1), Master Dick's foil will glide past instead of prodding you. And however quick he may be, your hand, having less distance to go, ought to be quicker than his. With the illustrations you will understand this readily. And until each of you can longe and parry quarte and tierce to perfection, don't try to do anything else.

But even this, though difficult, you will master after a while, and not only know how it should be done, but be so true that you can't do it otherwise than

accurately, that your body and limbs can't help executing the motions just right. Now let us take another step. Engage in quarte. You, Dick, have tried so hard to touch Tom's breast without succeeding, for his parry is, as it should be, quicker than your longe, that you want to find some other way to "get there." Suppose you draw your foil sidewise away from Tom's, and give a sharp—not violent—beat against its foible, just enough to displace it, and at the next instance longe straight at his breast, thus: "Beat! Longe!" There, you see, Tom was taken unawares, his defence was beaten down, and before he could get back to a parry, you were in. Try it again. Ah, Tom, that's a good trick, isn't it? You've got to be sharp to parry that. Hold hard, boys! don't get wild! A beat must be quick, decisive, but self-contained. Your foil must not leave the front of your body. If it does, your opponent will prod you surely. All foil-work must be by smallest movements of the wrists. Now, Tom, your turn. "Beat! Longe!" There you are! Dick, you see, is no quicker than you were. The beat is a ready means of opening the opponent's guard. In tierce it is precisely the same. Practise it slowly, carefully; then faster and faster,

until the longe comes like a flash upon the beat. The parry is the same, but you have to get your foil back to its place first. Be on the lookout for beats—in fencing as well as in real life.

But there are other ways to get in. On guard again, in quarte. Now, Tom, we will set Dick up for a target. Examine his position. His pressure on your foil prevents your thrusting quarte with any chance of success. Let us see. While Dick's quarte side is well protected, the tierce side is open, and you might get in there. Suppose you slowly drop the point of your foil, and by a small circular movement under Dick's hand you come into tierce, and having got there, "Longe!" This is entirely simple. Try it again. You, Dick, stand quiet. See how easy it is. The movement is called a disengagement. Now once again, and slowly. "Disengage!" "Steady!" What ought you, Dick, to do before Tom longes? Ah, I thought you could guess. Turn your wrist, come into tierce yourself, oppose Tom's blade, and as he longes, parry in tierce. Nothing simpler. Now try that once more, Tom, a trifle quicker. Don't parry this time, Dick. On guard in quarte. "Disengage! Longe!" And in you are. Back to quarte. Once again, and quicker. "Disengage! Longe!" Good!

Now, Dick, do you follow his disengagement by shifting to tierce, and when he longes, parry. So, good! The first rule of the foils is to defend yourself; the next, to attack. The best fencer is he whose defence is perfect. Now change rôles. Do you, Dick, disengage and longe; and after a few prods, do you, Tom, parry. Well done. Let us disengage from tierce to quarte. Fall on guard in tierce. Now, Tom, what you do is precisely the reverse. When I give the word, bring down the point of your foil by as small a circle as you can under Dick's hand, turning your wrist meanwhile to come into quarte, and straightening your arm for the longe. You, Dick, remain stationary. Now, "Disengage! Longe!" Good! you see how it is done. When you parry, Dick, you take the position of Fig. 11 in my previous article.

All this is quite a step in advance. We have a good guard, can longe straight and true, and know what a beat and a disengagement are. These two simple disengagements should be practised as much as the other things—perhaps more—and you must make your circles as small as possible to save time. The veriest fraction of a second is most precious with the foils.

I want you boys to *assimilate* all that I tell you. If you have studied physiology, you will know what I mean. A number of my rider pupils have become capital horsemen, and I want you boys, if you try at all, really to learn to fence. So when I say *practise*, I mean practise every separate movement so patiently that you will become perfect in it, and not know how to do it wrong.

What next? Well, another disengagement, but this time a double one. You, Dick, have found out that Tom is quick enough to follow your simple disengagement from quarte to tierce and prevent your getting in. Let us try to bother him. Now, Tom, you may parry this, *if you can*. "On guard!" It is generally understood that one falls on guard in quarte. You, Dick: "Disengage!" Good, but Tom has followed you, and is in tierce at once. But suppose you disengage again quickly, so as to get back to quarte, and "Longe!" There you are, fairly in on Tom's breast. You see Tom wasn't up to this new dodge. Such a double disengagement is called the one-two; and, as you see, the *one* is a feint, and the *two* the real attack. This is a pretty thing, rapid, neat and effective. The defence is to follow it up and not parry till the longe

comes. Remember that the wrist is to turn to tierce and quarte as you disengage, and the like applies to the parries. Not only is there a one-two, but a one-two-three disengagement. This, starting at quarte, would bring you back to tierce again. And not only a one-two-three, but a one-two, one-two disengagement. This is only the one-two, twice performed, with a slight pause between. Practise the sefaithfully, following each disengagement with its defence, and study the illustrations in my previous article. These positions are perfect.

There is another way of getting from the inner to the outer line, or *vice versa*. That is cutting over. "On guard!" Now by an easy up-and-down motion of the wrist, altering scarcely at all the position of the hand, bring your foil over the point of the opposing foil, keeping near it all the while, to the engagement of tierce, at the same moment extending the arm and longeing. Of course the cut over is met by exactly the same means as the disengagement. A cut over may be followed by a disengagement or a one-two, or a beat may be followed by these. The skill with which one combines and changes these motions in seeking an opening is only equalled by the skill shown in

meeting each one by its proper defence, and when the longe comes, by a proper parry.

There are so many clever things in fencing that I should have to write a book to tell you much about them. I have space but for one or two more hints. When you have *learned* what I have told you, you will be quite apt with the foils, if you work with precision and speed. And then you will take up some manual and study the art more deeply, or perhaps find some friend who can teach you what remains to be learned. Remember, though, that nineteen out of twenty of all the attacks in fencing are simple quarte and tierce, combined with the disengagements, the beat, and the cut over. I will now merely mention some of the other engagements, thrusts, and parries, and particularly the return, or riposte.

Suppose you are on guard in tierce. Now, Dick, you know that you cannot reach Tom on this line; he has too good a defence. You have tried the disengagements, but he meets them every time. Let us try a new thing. Don't longe in tierce *above* his hand, but longe *below* it. There, you see, he has nothing to protect him, and you can prod him near the waist. Now, Tom, what must you do? If you lower your hand, you

expose your breast as well as disturb your position. But you can bring the point of your foil downward by a small semicircular sweep toward the right, so that the foil will hang below instead of above the hand (Fig. 2), and thus ward off the *longe*, and at once return to your old guard. This is the *longe* and parry of *seconde*.

Again, suppose you are on guard in *quarte*. Now,



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FIG. 2.

Tom, do you slowly thrust, still on this line, but *below* Dick's hand. You can reach him there. How will you, Dick, avoid this thrust? By a sweep downward and to the left. But instead of coming back again, you may keep on in a circular upward sweep, and, as



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FIG. 3.

it were, pick up Tom's foil and throw it off. Fig. 3 shows the end of this movement, which is the parry of semicircle.

Thus we have learned the *longe* on inner upper line and parry of *quarte*, the *longe* on outer upper line and parry of *tierce*, the *longe* on outer lower line and parry of *seconde*, the *longe* on inner lower line and parry of

semicircle. There is another series called counter-parries. Suppose Tom is engaging you in quarte, and with a purpose to attack leaves your blade; you do not know whether he will drop his point down below your hand and longe, or continue on to seconde, or still on to tierce. Now if, instead of waiting his extension, so as to parry it, you will, at the instant you feel the absence of his blade, quickly follow it by a complete but small circular sweep, you will reach it, pick it up, and harmlessly throw it aside on the inner line, just as if there had been a simple longe. A similar counter-parry can be made from any of the positions, and is very effective. My old master, Captain Chiosso, used to shut his eyes, and by a counter-parry prevent any but advanced pupils from touching him, merely following the blade up as soon as he felt its absence.

All these thrusts and parries, combined with the disengagements, beat and cut over, and some few things too intricate to learn now, complete the fencer's equipment. They have taken but a few minutes to explain; they will take many months to learn, and you may keep on improving all your life.

Now about returns. You will have noticed, Dick, that when Tom has longed at you in quarte, he was for

the moment uncovering himself to a thrust in quarte. Of this you were unable to take advantage, because you must first parry. But having parried, which act still farther pushed Tom's foil away from his defence, while he is recovering you have but to sharply extend your arm in order to plant your button on his breast. This thrust immediately following a parry is called a return, or riposte. If Tom recovers with rapidity, you may have to longe to reach him. But in all cases there is no time so opportune for reaching your opponent as the instant after a successful parry. The art of making quick and accurate returns is one of the most important parts of fencing. This needs practice most of all. But be sure that you do not unsteady your proper position, and that your work is all done in crisp style. A series of returns between two good fencers is most artistic. When you have riposted on Tom, Tom can parry and return on you, and so on. And the return may be accompanied by any of the feints. But remember one thing: the simple parries and longes well executed are by far the surest defence as well as the most dangerous attack.

One thing more. If you merely want a little fun, you can indulge in loose play as much as you like.

But if you wish to become an expert fencer, you must honestly practise at least four hours for every half-hour's loose play. Nothing is so apt to produce bad habits as too much of this. The best fencers are always constant in practice. Some of the most noted swordsmen in France practise all the time under instructors, and play loose only on rare occasions.

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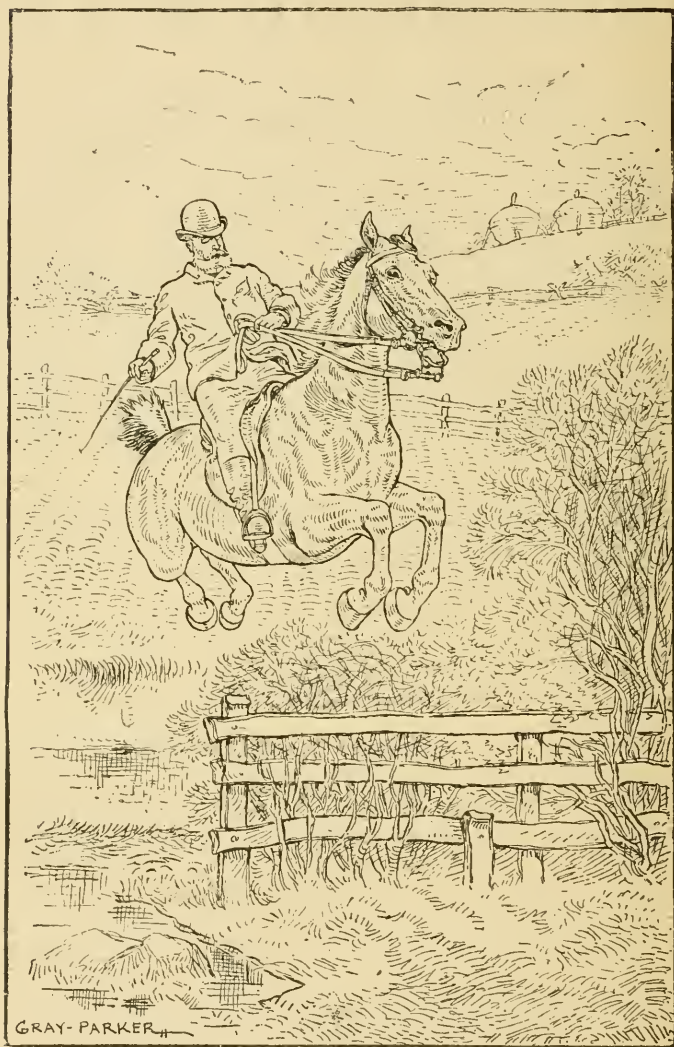
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